

DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENTS OF 1996!

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

BIG ZACK! 68 pounds!

JANUARY 1997

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JANUARY 1997 • VOLUME 127 • NO. 1

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By ELIZABETH KANE

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BARY MODELS: SACHSEL FERRY MODEL MANAGEMENT LEFT: NICOLE COBY WILHELMINA CHILTON



ESKY

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY HARRIS



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Alpha Mail

IT WAS REFRESHING TO READ AN ARTICLE that analyzes why men are the way they are without blaming women ("The Second Coming of the Alpha Male," by Michael Segall, October 1996). I, too, am of the opinion that these male "weekend warrior" gentlemen, and also many of the elements of the feminist agenda, can only drive men and women further apart. A society in which the two halves will not work together cannot grow.

—JENNIFER L. COOK
South Lake Minn.

I LOVE BLAKE, POWERFUL, AND EVEN aggressive men—cowboys, CEOs, quarterbacks, Navy SEALs. There are only five things I ask of you, my alpha man: Don't be mean. Don't be homophobic. Enough already with those big, stinky cigars. And, most important, don't get mad when we know something that you don't. No doubt alpha men are hard to say—and to me, fun. We won't know if you don't like.

—MARY-JANE OLYAREWICKI
Milford, N.J.

MICHAEL SEGALL'S ARTICLE IS TERRIFIC. I was especially impressed with Segall's assertion that certain "masculine" traits are necessary to create successful human relationships. But a reviewer perched between the tips of a blood in high heels only cheapens the seriousness of Segall's arguments. Grow up, y'all! A show-bizish guy bragging a puppy would have made more sense.

—KERRA CHATFIELD
Tampa, Fla.

THE DOG ON THE COVER IS ALL wrong. He may be big, black, and certainly a drinker of mean beer, but the real masculine dog is bigger in attitude than in size. A dog like my dog, Sharkey, a silver-toothed Pitbull-type, might be more appropriate. He's protective, has a big voice, and is incredibly well-behaved. You know, those big ones that look so tough are often doing it to make up for, with a little shamefacing.

—ALEXANDRA BLANTIERE
Salt Lake City, Utah

EVOCATION EXPLORED THE POWERFUL, masculine alpha male. But for a male, professional man (and a healthy, curious woman) with rural fat deposits to mourn the loss and nursing child. Scenery matters like your blond model didn't survive. The alpha male would probably not even have given her a second look.

—TED BEAR
San Diego, Calif.

DID NO ONE NOTICE HOW OBVIOUSLY that your model was before you just her on the cover? Take off her heels and makeup and give her a smile, and she'd be right in on a canvas by Hans Holbein the Younger.

—CHRIS GODWIN
Washington, D.C.



WOMEN REALLY DON'T like men (Mike Tyson), women (Colin Powell, General Patton), or fantasy men (the Marlboro Man). We've had these types dished up to us forever as your idea of real men. And we're not offended by your alpha males page. In fact, we may make up a page of alpha females with Lorena Bobbitt included as one of our own.

—JUDIE GEMBALA
Naples, Wis.

OF COURSE "THE SECOND COMING of the Alpha Male" is a proven, a sure of all the women who will take it seriously, right? Your cover photo is the top off with that pathetic man sitting under the feet of a scenery-woman. Big dog? Big puppy, you mean, grinning in wistful doleful Doves. Now sit up—that's a good boy. Or are you serious—that is, are you just as deluded as the poor saps who fell for the article?

—PETER HARTLEY
Golds, Ohio

I AM A RECOVERING SENSITIVE MALE and heart-attack victim, and Segall's article really opened my eyes. After I spent this past summer with a beautiful and successful woman, she walked out on me without any warning. If I had done that to her, I would have been called a womanizer. It's not

when men are being strangled by the double bind of trying to be both strong and sensitive, your article has leveled the playing field. Forget about a low-fat diet and getting more exercise. This new "big dog" is ready to learn some of the old tricks about being a man.

—MIKE WERTHOFF
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Thank You for Smoking

AS A HEALTH PRACTITIONER, I AM a skeptic, smokes of any kind. But when I read most of your article with the guys where there are no kids, no women or wives, no work or sense of compassion. The cigar ("The Long Cigar," by David Blau, October) says, "most possibly the only male thing left in this homogenized, PC age. Know where to get any good Cubans?"

—WILLIAM B. GROSS
Bridgeton, N.J.

Ask Not...

THE IDEA OF THE SENSITIVE DALLAS in Robert Glen Butler's story "The Auction" (October) was a great concept—sensitive, too, and written with a lot of heart. Here's the story I'd love to read next: the memoir of the female CIA agent who "served" JFK in his confessor. What a tale she'd have to tell.

—STEPHEN LEVIN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Politically Correct

I WILL HAVE WALTER HEADEN'S WORD on his pretensions for President Clinton's second term ("Our Man in the White House," October). Two years ago, when Clinton was making fun and the dark Gingrich "revolution" was thundering on the horizon, Shapiro enlightened *Esquire* readers with the accurate prediction that Gingrich would be the best thing that ever happened to Clinton. Might as well ask Shapiro who will be elected president in 2000.

—DONNIE ROBERTS
Lexington, N.C.

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Five averages Joe Eszterhas: Grossinger, Adler, King, Winberg, and Solomon?



IN THE THIRTY-FIVE YEARS that *Esquire* has been handing out Dibusus Achievement Awards (page 5), we've been impressed by many an honoree. Richard Nixon, of course, for his dashiki and comradery, even in death. Then there was the surprising O. J. Simpson, who was able to grow bigger headlines when he needed them. And who could forget that mustache man John Belushi, who let it then, found it, then renounced it? But this year, so several a Dibusus figure arrived on the stage that for the first time we didn't simply marvel at his work—we actually wanted to be him.

What, after all, can be said of *Anonymous*, the unassuming, ungratifying author of *Privacy* (also the book that launched a thousand prevarications)? Of course, we like a tremendous affinity for him. After all, we've been anonymous for our whole lives. But unlike *Anonymous*, we never made any money at it or provided any Shakespearean scholars to study our writing. Clearly, we were doing something wrong.

So, armed with nothing more than a mask and a stiletto, we went off into the world to experience life as any *Anonymous* hack would who just happened to take in \$6 million for a marketing plan disguised as a novel.

"For the first time, I found myself being stopped on the street," said *Dibusus Achievement* editor for life David Winberg. "Of course, the people who stopped me wanted space charges, but I realized if my anonymity continued to

occur, I would soon need to have a confidential chap with Maynard Parker."

Feature editor Michael Solomon had perhaps the quizzicalst anonymous reaction: "I'm flattered people think I had anything to do with *Dibusus Achievement*," said Solomon. "But anyone who knows me knows I don't have the time for it. And I'd make David Hershey's journalistic credibility on that."

The more graceful treatment was accomplished by Stanley King, who has made a career of pretending to be someone else. "While the anonymity lasted, I enjoyed my anonymous new house and my role as dean of the writers' community of Hellman, New York," said King. "On the other hand, after a couple of weeks, I got sick of being holed up in the supermarket by bored suburban housewives looking for a cheap thrill."

Not everyone's life was changed, however. "People wouldn't tell whether I was wearing the mask or not," said contributing editor Leslie Grossinger. "And when I went to the Republic to have drinks with Tina Brown, the mistress me for Lewis Grossinger, and that didn't do me any good at all."

Consulting editor Jerry Adler is the only one to wear the mask simply to disgust himself: "I had nothing to do with any of the so-called jokes about *Newsweek*," said the *Newsweek* senior editor. "I think the whole *Anonymous* thing is pretty funny if you ask me."

Also discerning *Dibusus* thanks are our researchers: *Andy Rand*, who, in doing so, learned that pythons make bad pets; private researcher, *Linda Farver*, and

her assistant, *Buffy Palmer*; assistant picture editor, *Donnie Flann*; senior editorial production assistant, *Tara Day*; research assistant, *Deva Friedman*; the *Esquire* art department, which also asked to be anonymous; and *Dibusus* contributors *Michael Angel*, *Ken Foss*, *David Redick*, *Janie McLaughlin*, and *Neil Steinberg*.

Finally, we wish to thank our Jaquise model, *Barbara Baskin*, and Miss *Sherry Baskin*, who graciously dipped her legendary feet into the *Dibusus* pool (see page 6). I guess I'm blessed with great sons," said Dick Morris old chess. Who are we to disagree?

SOUNDING OUT THE ISSUE, contributing editor *Elizabeth Kaye* profiles Kenneth Rausch, who is *Handwriting* it up across the month ("Also, Poor Kenneth," page 34). Kaye is the author of *Midlife* (New from the Bantam Book) (Arlene-Wesley). *Philip Klay* muses on the enduring allure of Catherine Deneuve ("Facing Up to Deneuve," page 84), his latest collection of essays is *Heroin of My Body* (Anchor). *John L. Sullivan*, literary concave for *Buffy Chase*, has discovered an unpublished story ("A Party Down at the Square," page 90) that is included in a new *Elmore* collection from Random House, *Flying Home and Other Stories*. And contributing editor *Mark Jacobson* gets close enough to Michael Jordan actually to get a whiff of his new scent ("Sweet Like Mike," page 80). Jacobson, whose second novel, *Raymond and No One*, will be published by Villard in the spring, says, "I'm still waiting for *Eau d'F*." J

Esquire Roundtable

1 Are you male or female?
☐ Male ☐ Female

2 How old are you?
☐ Under 18 ☐ 18-24 ☐ 25-34 ☐ 35-44 ☐ 45-54 ☐ 55-64 ☐ 65+

3 Are you married?
☐ Yes ☐ No

4 What is your total annual household income from all sources?
☐ Under \$10,000 ☐ \$10,000-\$19,999 ☐ \$20,000-\$29,999 ☐ \$30,000-\$39,999 ☐ \$40,000-\$49,999 ☐ \$50,000-\$59,999 ☐ \$60,000-\$69,999 ☐ \$70,000-\$79,999 ☐ \$80,000-\$89,999 ☐ \$90,000-\$99,999 ☐ \$100,000+

5 What is the highest level of education you have currently achieved?
☐ Graduated high school ☐ Attended state college ☐ Graduated 4-year college ☐ Postgraduate study ☐ Postgraduate degree

6 What is your employment status?
☐ Employed full-time ☐ Employed part-time ☐ Retired ☐ Other

7 Which of the following best describes your current occupation/job responsibility?
☐ Professional/managerial ☐ Scientific/technical ☐ Administrative ☐ Other

8 Please estimate how much you spend on clothing (not including shoes) for yourself in the past year.
☐ Under \$100 ☐ \$100-\$149 ☐ \$150-\$199 ☐ \$200-\$249 ☐ \$250-\$299 ☐ \$300-\$349 ☐ \$350-\$399 ☐ \$400-\$449 ☐ \$450-\$499 ☐ \$500-\$549 ☐ \$550-\$599 ☐ \$600-\$649 ☐ \$650-\$699 ☐ \$700-\$749 ☐ \$750-\$799 ☐ \$800-\$849 ☐ \$850-\$899 ☐ \$900-\$949 ☐ \$950-\$999 ☐ \$1,000+

9 Which of the following apparel items have you bought for yourself in the past year?
☐ Business suit ☐ Casual/business-casual suit ☐ T-shirt ☐ Casual pants ☐ T-shirt shirt ☐ Sport shirt ☐ Sport coat ☐ Tie ☐ Sweater ☐ Jacket ☐ Sportswear ☐ Casual wear ☐ Casual shoes ☐ Leather jacket ☐ T-shirt ☐ Nightwear/pajamas ☐ Underwear ☐ Dress shoes ☐ Casual shoes

10 How old did you obtain this issue of *Esquire*?
☐ Subscriptions ☐ Friends/family ☐ Other

11 Do you or does anyone in your household own or lease a vehicle (car/truck/sports-utility vehicle)?
☐ Yes ☐ No

12 Have you or has anyone in your household purchased or leased a vehicle in the past 12 months?
☐ Yes ☐ No

13 If yes to 12, was the vehicle(s) bought new or used?
☐ New ☐ Used

14 If yes to 12, which of the following describes your vehicle?
☐ Domestic (U.S.) ☐ Import-European ☐ Import-Asian

15 Do you plan to purchase or lease a vehicle in the next 12 months?
☐ Yes ☐ No ☐ Don't know/not sure

16 Do you own a personal computer?
☐ Yes ☐ No

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Reality Check

By Jeannette Walls

DEVOTION

Jodie, Jodie, Jodie

Jodie Foster HAS MADE HER share of overly zealous admirers, and it looks as though crime novelist **Paula Gornell** may be one of them.

Not long ago, Gornell, who recently signed a multimillion, three-book deal with Putnam, became somewhat obsessed with Foster, several sources say.

Gornell had her agent set up a meeting with Foster to discuss working together on a movie. "The

thing about Jodie is that she can get focused with something," says a source. "The more Foster saw of [the project], the less she wanted to do with it. She pulled out of it."

What's more, after discovering that Foster was still in contact with a former case, Irene Brulles, Gornell befriended Brulles.

"We met by coincidence," says Brulles, who also says that Gornell asked her to set up a meeting with Foster. "I made it clear that I would not do that. I have never infringed on that line yet," Brulles says. Gornell gave her an expensive bracelet and has also offered to pay for an upcoming operation, but she denies that there is an ulterior motive to Gornell's friendship.

"I hear rumors all the time [about Gornell trying to use her to get to Foster]," says Brulles. "I just shrug my shoulders."

Gornell has been linked to several issues

even in the past. She was recently involved in an alleged love triangle with the wife of a former FBI agent. In a separate incident, after Gornell read Cynthia Stevens, a former employee, clearing the did not return company property, Stevens contacted, accusing Gornell of sexual harassment. Both suits were eventually dismissed. Neither Stevens nor her lawyer would comment.

Foster also wouldn't comment. Her office confirms that she and Gornell met "on a specific project that did not work out" but wouldn't elaborate beyond that. Gornell's lawyer claims that the writer and the actress haven't had contact since they discussed the possible collaboration.



and says, "It would be totally false and irresponsible to state or imply that anything more than this occurred."

Maybe so, but Gornell is, after all, a woman who once told a reporter: "I have this real easy way of winning myself in. It's an infection. You try to pry it, and before you know it, you can't get me out of your system."

CONSPIRACY THEORISTS

Salinger Speaks

PAUL SALINGER'S CRISIS ABOUT A FRIENDSHIP-TREE MURDER following TWA Flight 100 doesn't represent the first time that he's accused the government of sinister behavior. A year ago, Salinger, who was *JFK's* press secretary, was tapped to create on which *George Bush* was the guest of honor. "Salinger really let into Bush," says a source. "He was claiming that if Bush had called him to resign, he could have avoided the Gulf war. He was also accusing Bush of wanting the war to happen to get reelected."

Another source points out that Salinger, as ABC's chief European correspondent, insisted that the U.S. government covered up facts about the bombing of Pan Am Flight 103. "It ended up being an embarrassment for [ABC]," says the insider. "Ever since the Kennedy assassination, he sees conspiracy in everything."



PHOTOGRAPHY

The Naked and the Well Fed

DONALD DUBOIS HAD AN exhibitionistic side, or at least an X-rated body double out there? A man who says he knew the president in the early 1960s claims to have made photographs of Clinton and has been trying to sell them to the tabloids. So far, there have been no takers. Editors at the *Star* were called in their experts to determine whether the pictures were authentic. "They ap-

peared to be," says a source, "but the *Star* didn't want to get caught up in the same sort of embarrassing situation that the London *Sun* did when it ran that fake sex video of *Prince & Me*." But one *Star* staffer says the source "linked out" when it came to producing the pictures. "We'll look at anything," he says. "But I'm not sure it's the sort of thing *we'll* run anyway."

Merrifield

TRIPS

Wrecked on the Titanic

THE MAJORITY MESSAGE of the *Titanic* may have been a disaster, but the making of the movie has also offered a night to remember. *Dorothy Jones* and *Bill Paxton* were invited to an uninvited party. On the last day of filming *Titanic* in Nova Scotia, someone leapt the lobster chowder with PCP. *Leonardo DiCaprio*, who stars in the movie but who, his spokeswoman says, escaped the festivities, later told a friend that the first time anyone realized that something was wrong was when some people got up and started forming a conge-



DiCaprio caught the

line. "It was really weird," says a source. "No one knew what was going on." The drugged actors and crew members were treated as if they were quickly released, the culprit was never caught. Probably got away in a lifeboat.

WIMPO

I Love the Knight Life...

IF RANDOM RIDGE CHIEF **Harold Evans** has been sitting in a cell more than once lately, perhaps it's because he has dreams of knighthood. According to a source, the British equine has, in times, perhaps, jokingly referred to himself as "Sir Harry Evans." Evans did not return phone calls, but when asked whether Sir Harry—husband of New Yorker editor *Barbara Evans*—is hoping for a knighthood if the Labour party assumes power, a staunch Evans supporter was outraged. "He has no interest in that sort of thing," said the friend.



Evans: It's Sir Harry to you.

"He's very down-to-earth. In fact, he told me that he once turned down a knighthood, so he feels that he's entitled to use the title when it suits him."

RELIGION

What if L. Ron Was One of Us?

SOMETIMES, RELIGION makes strange bedfellows. There U.S. senators, *Christopher Dodd*, *Carol Moseley-Braun*, and *Byron Dorgan*, recently wrote to Secretary of State Warren Christopher, complaining that German chancellor Helmut Kohl's government is depriving the Church of Scientology of the right to religious freedom. The church—whose members include *John Travolta*, *Tom Cruise*, and *Liam Neeson*—has been the target of an all-out assault by some German officials, who have accused it of being a neo-Nazi-like group aiming for "world domination and the destruction of our society."

Meanwhile, an organization that has long done battle with the church may have a new owner: the Scientologists. The *Cult Awareness Network* recently lost a lawsuit and was forced into bankruptcy. The group must now sell off its assets—which consist mostly of its confidential files. And the most eager buyer is Kendrick Moseley, a lawyer who regularly represents the Church of Scientology. Moseley says he has been contacted by organizations interested in getting the files but denies that the church is one of them. "Many of CAN's victims are willing to pay good money to get CAN's files on them," Moseley says.

CAN's name and logo have already been bought by a Scientology, says Cynthia Rosen, CAN's former executive director. Says one source, "If Scientology gets its hands on those files, that will have a really chilling effect on anticult activities."

Gornell: Jodie Foster on her mind

Reality Check

BATTLES

Christiane Goes to War

THE CONFLICT IN Afghanistan looks tame next to the battle over Christiane Anagnostou's footage of the events, some TV insiders are saying. Anagnostou, who reports for both the Internet and CNN, had her debut piece for the CBS newsmagazine rushed onto the air on November—only to be scooped by a few days by ABC's *20/20* survey. But one source says that Anagnostou was upset with CBS for initially passing on the Afghanistan story—as well as several others. A Go Minute producer, Barry Lantz, did not want to travel to Afghanistan because he thought the

country too dangerous, so Anagnostou reported the segment for CNN.

But the source says that when Go Minute executive producer Ben Hill heard that Sawyer was also working on an Afghanistan piece, he tried to get CNN's footage for Go Minute exclusively.

"That's behind," Hewitt says. Anagnostou couldn't be reached for comment, but Hewitt denies that Go Minute passed on any of Anagnostou's ideas or that there's any tension. The relationship "is incredibly fabulous," says Hewitt. "If Ed Murray were alive today, Christiane would be one of the Murray boys."

KUMON

But Seriously, America . . .



Woody McCurry: Not funny!

hundred-dollar dare. McCurry also riddled ribs when, breaking aside speculation about President Clinton's health records, he yelled to colleagues, "He doesn't have the clip." And in October, McCurry caused another flap when he insisted that he was not entering a reporter's question honestly. "Intensely cynical performance," Mr. McCurry, another reporter barked at him.

"I don't know about that," McCurry said, chuckling. "I've seen worse. I've done worse."

Says one cranky White-house journalist: "McCurry's got a funny sense of humor, but sometimes he assumes that we've all got the same sense of humor." McCurry didn't return calls. Guess he didn't want the last laugh.

CINEMA

Green-Lighting on the Emerald Isle

TIM CRANE AND Nicole Kidman haven't exactly had the luck of the Irish when it comes to Irish movies. The two were interested in a Disney film about *Wendell Garcia*, the Dublin reporter who was assassinated while investigating Ireland's criminal underworld, but the film ran into some snags. Garcia had approached Garcia's widow, Graham Turley. But rather than wait for his approval, Disney took the unusual step of funding a Tom Mervin writer's research for an article on Garcia and then optioned the article. Now, says a source, Turley is upset with Disney. "It's still so soon after Wendell's death that I think Turley is uncomfortable talking about film rights," says Disney's Stuart Levine. "But he recognizes that some films will be made."

That isn't Crane.



Kidman and Crane: On hold.

VIRTUAL REALITY CHECK Tired Jokes/Wired Jokes

- M**ANY PEOPLE HAVE EXPRESSED ABOUT WHY WIRE technology's virtual public offering crashed. The following is a top ten list of reasons that is being circulated via e-mail by, among others, New York Times technology writer (and *Wired* contributor) John Markoff.
1. Investors discovered it was a publishing company.
 2. HotBot, say, cut or search engine?
 3. Wind too big for NASDAQ and AMEX, wants to start own exchange.
 4. Google and Netscape not a happy mix.
 5. Too many of HotWind's cocktails.
 6. A big misstep: Investors kept going to www.hotwired.com instead.
 7. Top investors spent all their money on snowboards, none left for stock.
 8. Wind's ticker symbol: SUCK, turning people off.
 9. Expensive investors to pay with e-cash.
 10. Nobody could read the prospectus (printed in blue ink on red paper).

You'll be flying in a jet maintained by Tommy.

When Tommy grows up, he'll be an aircraft mechanic. Perhaps he'll work on a jet that you fly in when you.

By then, the job will require an advanced knowledge of chemistry, physics, and trigonometry. Unfortunately, very few kids are being prepared to master such sophisticated subjects. If we want children who can handle tomorrow's good jobs, those kids need to take some challenging academic courses.

To find out how you can help the effort to raise standards in America's schools, please call 1-800-94-PROMISE.

If we all pitch in and help, America will get where it needs to go.

Ad Council

The Ad Council is a national organization of advertising agencies and media companies that work together to promote public service and social responsibility. For more information, visit www.adcouncil.org.



WHAT COULD BE MORE GRIPPING THAN black rubber scratching around an asphalt bend on a mountain pass? Nothing, but who wants to spend twelve months staring at a steel nub? Since 1964 (except for a breathless pause in 1976, because of rumored Victorian objections, and the years 1979 to 1986, when lack of financing intervened), Perella, the Italian tire maker, has produced gorgeous calendars, bringing together the world's finest photographers and most desirable women to celebrate the year and, incidentally, promote the name of the firm. The calendars' success has been formidable. Some of the editions have been auctioned at Christie's, and the nine-year hiatus prompted indignant outrage from the European press. But the real mark of achievement can be seen in the current calendar, shot by Richard Avedon. The women pictured here are but four of the nineteen global representatives of beauty for '93, hailing from such far-flung countries as Somalia, Russia, Japan, Italy, China, and the U.S.A. This is Avedon's second go-round with the calendar; his previous effort was the famed 1992, *Pinella Sencusa* edition, on which he collaborated with art director Derek Fenyth. The calendar's history—from innocent source to dreamy early sexiness on to doleful malice—and the more recent bold and classic incarnations—can be found in *Pinella Calendar Classic* and *The Pinella Calendar Album*, both published by Pavilion, but it's the present day that offers the most immediate power of illusion.

—WILLIAM GREGGLEGGE

Esque

Who Could Tire of These?

Women of the world, unite (celebration from top left): Anna K., from Sweden (black); Ines Sastre, from England (leopard); Ines Sastre, from Spain (left); Melanie Bertl, from Brazil, who graces the new Perella calendar's cover; Ines Sastre, at a gown; and Sastre again, out of a gown.



THE WORLD OF THE NEW YEAR BY DECEMBER 31ST, 1993. THE WORLD OF THE NEW YEAR BY DECEMBER 31ST, 1993. THE WORLD OF THE NEW YEAR BY DECEMBER 31ST, 1993.

The No-Sweat Bicycle

IN 1949, MAGNUM PHOTOS MADE AMERICA SEE "the razor" too. A decade later, *Rollins* is back with a new and slightly better invention: the EV Warrior electric bicycle. Priced between \$450 and \$1,000, the bike behaves like a battery-powered scooter—with six gears, reflexes, that chugging sound when you coast. But when you hit the gas (a lever located just below the handle),

an electric motor kicks in. The EV Warrior can go twenty miles an hour for at least fifteen miles on its rechargeable battery and much farther if you actually pedal. While the legs steer the bicycle of course, the EV Warrior—with its electric tires, speedometer, and big headlamp assembly mounted on the handlebars—is the automobile of bikes. It's even sold through car dealerships.

—DAVID FRIEDMAN



Very easy riders: Even the man who goes on the legs.

TONY STONES
TERRY HENDRA



SAVED: Clinton-style **RUSH HOUR**, by publisher **SIMON & SCHUSTER**, is now a hot-off autobiography with each *Times* a Village Meet.



NEEDED: The one and only knee film "Success now" in the entire United States (actually drives him to position, actually stars for the game, actually has younger child in a strait, actually does attend church every Sunday, actually does excitement locally because of talent marketing from America, actually can make a mean pot roast). **TELL IT TO US**, a gay single portrait of two from *Burgin*, Illinois. To imagine companion **OSCAR WALTER**, is a private ceremony in *Heaven*.



SAVED: **DEKLE**, **WASHINGTON**, after receiving a special film (also award from the New York Film Festival) as the Most Powerful, Emotionally Compelling, and Inspiring *Times* *Times* in America. To **LIAM NEESON**, who believed that the movie should have gone to him. *Neeson* obtained "reverse discrimination."



STUCK: **DAVID HARTMAN**, in the *Times*, with a five-foot two-by-four whittled by longtime "anti-fur" **LOU** (see last issue available). "For ten decades since *Amie Hall* and beyond, America has had to endure *Neeson's* *Times*, little girl all-green-in-*US*," proclaimed *Los* in enthusiastic support of a huge rally in *Kansas City*. "Enough is enough *Carth Brooks*, *Ralph Nader*, *Kathie Lee Gifford*—watch out!"

COOK LIKE A MAN JIM QUINN

True Grits

SHOULD YOU MAKE your grits? "No! You lose all the heat. It's not a good for you," says *May Bishop*. May and her husband, Jim, grind yellow grits at Morgan Hill in Bedford, North Carolina. "Well," says *Jane Lovett*, "you lose heat if you wash grits, but you also get rid of chaff. You know the stuff that sticks in your teeth when you eat popcorn? That's chaff. It is good for you. But not everybody likes eating it." Jane and her husband, John, make more ground white grits at *Falls Mill* in Bedford, Tennessee, in a mill built in 1917.

The *Lovetts* and the *Bishops* are listed as sources of true grits in *Magnum Southern Cuisine* (Wyrick & Co.), a cookbook by Donald Benckman, owner and chef of *Magnum* restaurant in Charleston, South Carolina. Like many other southerners, I thought I hated grits. But the only grits I'd tried were *lumpy*, *stagnant*, *pub* style commercial grits. True grits are stone-ground, full of good corn flavor, all-natural, and preservation-free. ("Stone them in the refrigerator or freezer," says *May Bishop*, "or they will get crumbly.")



Don't call it mush: Grits are American facts.

all-American romantic dish-to-bee dinner. Donald Benckman serves grits topped with grilled salmon and fresh oil marinated bread.

Or try this: Buy one pound sausage, bake at 400 degrees in the oven for fifteen minutes, and cut into quarter-inch slices. Buy one big shrimp per person. Sauté shrimp in olive oil with sausage slices for one

minute, so more. Add one-half cup chicken broth, bring to a boil, and simmer for one minute. Remove shrimp and sausage, put on top of rice grits, pour on the reduced stock, serve.

Yellow grits have slightly more flavor and slightly less sweetness than white grits. Try both—you get to talk to interesting people on the phone. Morgan Hill, 704-639-4014, Falls Mill, 615-457-7474.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TERRY HENDRA, ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID A. WILLIAMS, CHARLES F. HARRIS, BERNARDINE HARRIS, BERNARDINE HARRIS

STYLING BY THE EDITOR, HOLDING A SIGN FOR THE FOLKS AT HOME IN ONE. IT'S A SPICY A YOUNG



GARY PHIL PATTON

Enter the Boxster

THE MONTHS EXPLODED in the interview of the black BMW, surprising the driver at high speed on the As north of Stuttgart. He had never seen the little car but could not mistake it for anything else—a Porsche, the new Boxster, flailing impatiently to pass.

The Boxster is appearing in lots of mirrors on the autobahn these days, and, sudden as symptoms and warped as rumor, in the traffic mirrors of narrow-laned German villages. This month, it comes to the U.S.

But in the mental mirror of the cult of Porsche, the

Boxster has long been a dreamy image. As a concept car first shown at the 1993 Detroit auto show, the Boxster became a legend before its own time. Porsche received thousands of orders before production was even approved. Fans donned lapel pins of the car that read, **BOXSTER—IN OFFICIAL GERMANY** ("an open secret").

Open is the convertible top, made of magnesium in a driver's seat. Secret is the engine, the 200-horsepower five-cylinder boxer in the car's middle.

The show car was largely the work of Gert Lamm, a young designer from Milwe-

ter. But, says Lamm's boss, Porsche design chief Hans Lamm, the car "already existed in the imagination" of Porsche customers. They had long dreamed of a lighter, less expensive Porsche, in the tradition of the midengine sports car that James Dean drove. It was a hope that had been disappointed many times, going back to the 1940s of the 1960s.

Now, in the 1990s, production car, says Lamm, standing beside the test track at Porsche's top-secret R&D facility outside Stuttgart, "we have to make them believe what they see."

The name comes from the combination of boxer—for an engine in which cylinders punch in opposite directions—with roadster. Although Porsches are traditionally named, not named (the car would have been the 960), the show-car name continued.

The sound of the new engine is raw, in Porsche tradition. It expresses delight at being run at more idle, growing impatiently then smothering out eagerly as the car idles.

Its handling is more forgiving (the company uses that very word) than that of earlier Porsches, the lines softer, perhaps even feminine. The breezy looks show require-

Open secret: The hotly anticipated "Porsche it's" comes out.

only about a 5 seconds to bring the car from many miles per hour to a dead stop.

The Boxster will compete with a new generation of roadsters—two-seater convertibles like the Mercedes SLK, the BMW Z4, and the future Audi TTs. All, including the Boxster, will be in short supply. One of Porsche's points of differentiation is its twin trunks. The low midengine design leaves room for secret compartments that open fire and air and puts Porsche in the unaccustomed

position of bragging about cargo space—an oddity perceived partly for a car whose appeal, Porsche's own chairman argues, is based on "hedonism."

Finding the motor a tractor, it's a secret well kept. Lamm proudly shows how releasing two levers and four small buttons provides engine access. Annual maintenance is done from below. If it turns out to be less frequent than on past Porsches, there are likely to be more fans becoming keepers. Between them the 10,000 thousand cars the factory can turn out. The Boxster may be Porsche's last, but it's a real Porsche.

OUTDOORS DAVID McDONALD

Real Cold Fish

THE TIME OF YEAR, most people in the northern Rockies, where I live, are stripping boards on their feet and fingering their shivers down mountains.

Not me, Bubba. I'm not bog on body heat. What I enjoy outdoors in the winter is the same thing I enjoy in the summer—fishing. For the past several years, I've caught fish every month of the year, and I haven't cheated by flying to New Zealand.

The great thing about winter fishing is the solitude. In summer, most every fishable stream around here is about as peaceful as the pit in the Chicago Board of Trade. In the winter, you might see

absolutely nobody on the river. Maybe a local bob fisherman or two (talk about not even—the fished but this time of year for whatfish is rugged, and these guys keep them in their mouths so they won't freeze).

Of course, there's a reason the rest of you won't even be fishing the waters with your granddaddy's split-cane bamboo. It's cold. It's windy. It's liable to snow at just about any time. The rocks you slipped on in the summer have ice on them now. Did I mention the wind? It does ugly things to the elegant, delicate casts of July and August.

Once you do get a fly into the water, a submerged

chunk of ice can come through on the current and shoot your line downstream in a cradled imitation of the Big One. For it everywhere—in your rod guides, in your

beard, whacking you behind the knees as you wade, like somebody from the Oakland Raiders' kickoff return unit. Suddenly those barbed-wire holes in your waders from last summer become excruciatingly significant.

Still, winter fishing is a chance to see a kind of beauty few ever see and a chance to begin to understand the incalculable rhythms of the river. And sometimes, the fish are going to be something I remember a day last February, 30 degrees and windy. We'd assumed that trout was actually surface-feeding near to me as I dragged a nymph along the bottom. Persevering every time a snow squall would kick up,

a batch of tiny insects would cloud the water and the trout would go nuts. I watched to a ridge and caught a dozen in an hour.

Also—maybe once every couple of years if you're lucky—there's the possibility of catching a really fabulous fish. The big fish gets sluggish in cold water, but they do eat, and if you push something large and appetizing right under their ancient salmonid noses, they will take a whack at it.

But don't count on it. When you're reel screws, set the hook just in case, but what you've probably caught is a chunk of ice on its way to Mexico. And after a few hours of that, you'll likely be ready to head down that way yourself. Someplace where you don't have to French-kiss a magnet to catch fish. Don't blame you a bit.



Racy side vents were the highlight of the Boxster show car, and—enlarged and moved upward—they also made it into the production car. No more sneaky glits, they are the only way into the secret that is the water-cooled "boxer" engine.



Even when winter isn't real, it's like a curse. Anyway, at minimum, we'll be insulated with a crowd. You've got to be young to have this kind of enthusiasm and desire. Come to think of it.



TRAVEL JOY WILLIAMS

Desert Flower

TEMPE IS BUILT BY being in a high valley in the middle of the Sonoran Desert, one of the earth's most peculiar ecosystems, and it is ringed by five mountain ranges, one of which is the magnificent and aloof Santa Catalina. What's fabulous about the place is the salubrious dry air, immense sunsets, and giant saguaro cacti. The downside is that the city is ruled by real estate agents and developers. Most of the historic historic downtown was demolished in the sixties. Of course, they wouldn't do that now, now they'd be demolishing the surrounding desert.

The city has great weekend stores (The Book Shop on Campbell Avenue, Booked Up on North Scott Avenue), genuine old-time movie courts (the Frontier on West Washington near the Pick Eater Steakhouse), and good

Mexican food (almost any of the joints on South Fourth Avenue), though people like to make the one-hour run down to Nogales, Mexico, and eat shrimp and drink margaritas at the handsome La Brea and shop for penny things at the adjacent El Chaparral. Back in the U.S. of A., pick up a free copy of the cowboy *Times Weekly* and be instantly informed about local scandals, politics, and bands. Go late, very late, to the old railroad hotel downtown, the Hotel Congress, for its beyond-club-level milieu. Be sure to go out to the lovely night-and-day museum, San Xavier, on the Tolleson-Gilbert intersection.

Next, I beg of you, to the International Wildlife Museum, an appealing place to one man's hobby of trophy slaughter that pretends to educate and teach conservation, or to Bosphorus, a

scuffed, glass-enclosed assemblage of purportedly self-sustaining ecosystems where fake rocks house wind, wave, and air-circulating machines. This is a murky, windy, earth-dissolve-better-see in which geochemical consultants make mad-on-prosecution cases like "It's not these acres of land without God is really complicated."

Do certainly drive over scuzzing, curvy Grand Pass to the Arizona Sonoran Desert Museum, a living animal-natural-history museum. Closer to urban sprawl is Tolleson Chalfont Park, a tram on forty-eight acres of desert nature trails. Be sure to drop in at the stunner Arizona Inn, a rosy adobe classic near the University of Arizona, and read *The New York Times* on a

stool in the library. Hike Pima Canyon, to the northwest of the city. When it's raining, take very seriously the hundreds of no-wet-sweat warning fluorescent signs on city streets or you could not only drown but suffer the indignity of being fished under the new "steep mountain" law.

Stay in the foothills—with the roadrunners, Gila woodpeckers, and canyon wren—in your own corner at the venerable and (probably) still being renovated Hacienda del Sol Great Ranch Resort. The really fancy suites and spas like Canyon Ranch require no further mention.

Tucson is overbuilt, but it still has a ranchy, western character. The desert is exquisite, rugged, and glorious. And besides, it's where Haystack lives.

Joy Williams is a novelist and short-story writer.



OUR KIND OF WOMAN

Lisa Marie

IT'S NOT HARD BEING LISA Marie. For one thing, there's her looks. "Blond bombshell," she says, sighing, as if describing a girly leg, a hump, or an attack of facial boils. "That's what people think. Agents and producers see a visual thing, and they make these judgments. But that's not who I am. I'm not even blond anymore—I'm brunette."

Well, who knew? We're talking, after all, about the late girl from Piquette, New Jersey, who never had a room

"What nobody understands is, I'm a really sensitive, really romantic person. Plus, I went to Catholic school for eight years, so I still have all that guilt... But all a lot of people see is those Christian ads, so they think, Oh, here she just loves bringing out weird moral models."

Tim Burton, her love-in love, directed our girl in her most notable big-screen outrage, as *Velvet* in *Ed Wood*, and in *Marie Antoinette*, Burton's latest, as a queen-chewing instrument.

"When it comes to men, I like what's inside. With Tim, I love everything—someone with an incredible mind and incredible heart."

Them, as they say in the script biz, was a "cute meet." The two first laid eyes on each other on New Year's Eve 1992 at a Manhattan strip joint called Goldkings.

"But," as the world-class, twenty-nine-year-old actress confides, "we waited until Valentine's Day to consummate our love."

—JENN STANT

the world's greatest hamburgers, served on a giant plate, at afternoon, we go back to sunny

Madison, N.J., watching an orgy of disgusting television football game, enjoy the view



Q: I am in a situation where I need to win an argument. What can I do to prepare?

A: "Put aside all the ideas you've ever heard about logical legal cases," says Barry Spores, the executive intelligence and the author of *How to Argue and Win Every Time* (St. Martin's Press). "Forget about theoretical logic or philosophy. Forget about the most tedious statistics. Don't worry about constructing logical argument like a lawyer's lecture. The people who receive most of these things have never actually won an argument."

"You need to remember that human beings have natural perceptions," says Spores. "We can tell when someone is not to do an harm or is lying to us. If you present your case

in an overly prepared, analytical way, the other person will sense that dishonesty and a defense will go up. The other person may not even have exactly what it is about you that they don't trust. But they will be on guard."

"The important thing is to be who you are. So, in regard to whatever argument you are making, admit who you are. Are you afraid? Say so. Are you nervous? Say so. Are you making assumptions you don't believe and need help? Say so and ask for help. For you remember the situation is to be life-or-death? Say so. Be real and be honest. A child can win an argument, because the power of argument is in being heard. No manipulator or analytical philosopher can ever win it."

RECENT & DISCANT '98

Nearly down the best record to appear in the U.S. in 1997 was *Yoko Ono Shimo Kaze*, by Yoko Ono and the Tokyo Ska-All Stars, a highly danceable mélange of West African political commentary.

«Otherwise, rock n' roll ruled. *Nautilus: The Other Side of the Atom-Bombarded Country* by A. Ross Heller, *The Silence of Miss Bell*, and *Country Line Songs*, by Robbie Robertson, all on the Chicago-based Bloodshot label, highlighted the postpunk, left-libertarian, contra-country heart of the heartland.

«World-class chamber music: *Southwest comes to Minneapolis* with B. L. Bernstein's *A Sea of Whales* (Naxos/Panorama).

«For "outside" jazz, try hardist William Parker's *Composition Series* (Red Sky Records) and Matthew Shipe's *Spiritual Systems* (No World).

«Providing pleasure new Oliver Lake's *Dedicated to Delphi* (Black Saint). Richard Dyer's *There's Never Been a Good Life* (This Affinity) and Germaine's *Woman's Gotta Move* (Santitas) were also snap/snap records.

«Polina Jones included the Carter Family style as *Reverend*, the Tabouline Louis Brothers as *Capital* (including the unobtainable *Black*).

«*Satan Is Real?*, the R&B *Essence* album of Dolly Parton and Porter Wagoner, Meggie's *Paris Connection* on Savage and the *Miss Raeli* EPs even have from California Legacy more rock-gal events.

WORDMAN JAMES WHEDLOWER

Sex Talk

THE SAME-WORD hypothesis in linguistics states that thought and behavior are influenced by the language spoken. Since the Hipsy language contains no words for time, the *chomsky* example goes, the Hipsy are unable to understand concepts such as "tomorrow morning," much less "This has to be done yesterday!"

Though this particular example is complete bullshit, the result of 1998 ignorance of Native American languages, the theory still offers valuable insights into the area of male-female miscommunication. The truth is, the way of the sexes has to do with a lack of vocabulary. Men and women are unable to understand certain concepts because they can't describe them to each other. Let's compare the reality of a situation with the words women use in their language (Shakespeare).

A kind's new girlfriend

Shakespeare: Jim just met this great girl! She's from Milwaukee, does publicity for a musical company five times a week, natural blond, hazel eyes. She's into taking and reading, but she can dance like nobody's business. And the clothes? You'd die! Rosalind Jim's getting some.

A new car

Rosalind: 33-horsepower five-speed V-6, four valves per cylinder, dual overhead cam, twin turbocharger. She-quik! It's red.

A new apartment

Shakespeare: Only four closets, but lots of light, and a huge bathtub. The floor's lovely, but at least it has the original moldings. Two people can fit in the kitchen at the same time. Second good.



but let's look at the next twenty on the list. Rosalind: I can hang my bike on the left wall, and it's done in a good bar. Where do we sign?

A new amplifier

Rosalind: Twelve monoblocks, low THD, only forty watts per channel, but it's a small room, so the low-impedance speakers will still work; it'll be expensive if we blow any Gold Acres RT-68 output tubes. Shakespeare: That thing is not going in my living room.

If we want to connect, we have to make an effort. The oldest method (the very old—maybe the 11th and go away) won't work. In uncertain situations, we can't really expect to go it, but we can compromise. Your best option? Once a confrontation and then come. "I just want to make you happy. Can I buy you dinner? Can I get rid of something you hate? Keep an Easter post from college to prove you just this purpose. You'll be able to replace it with that matching presence of your dreams." ■



California's Chris O'Connor, from air-traffic god to sitcom chameleon.

WORLD MARK JACOBSON

The One-Hit Wonder

ONE IN THREE millennium's most successful multi-decade analysis could something as regularly funny as the Prunella Butcher "Stunning Outside a Broken There Rosalind with Money in My Hand" concept as the most singularly (and curiously) uplifting five minutes in pop music.

There's a pleasure like culture bit irony in the age of how the kerosene as a class

California's Chris O'Connor (and recently the *Prunella Butcher* member) was already one of the music business and functioning as an air-traffic controller when "Stunning Outside a Broken There Rosalind with Money in My Hand" concept as the most singularly (and curiously) uplifting five minutes in pop music.

Since, it's a fabulous, unexpected recognition. Like a gospel to the blood, it's the gospel to the class. Whether O'Connor's gambit succeeds due to a wonderfully subversive mixture of personal humor or rather a mixture of some personal kerosene, commentary on the violent primitive "reality" inherent in the scale of black folk, I leave to you. Either way, the name jumped out of this year's torpid popscape.



What a few of our favorite cultural figures are up to

Mythology: The rock trio will embark on a U.S. tour to promote its upcoming album, *Like Delemon*, and is working on its next album. "We have our Egyptian song," says vocalist and (two-string) banjoist Mark Sandman. "I think have, maybe more from female background music, we might by some archaism, and we might be like."

Rock Record: The chief curator for painting and sculpture at New York's Museum of Modern Art and Museum of Modern Art is expanding retrospective on Jackson Pollock (the first since 1967) and Chuck Close for 1998. MoMA is also planning a show of modern still life that will include Cézanne, Mondrian, and Picasso.

Screen-Led Pages: The playwright and screenwriter of *Girl 6* has adapted the *Butterfly* novel into a *True Life* film. A screenplay. She's also adapted her novel *The American Play* into a screenplay that she's calling *Red in Blue* and is writing a novel that is, she says, "a little, strange thing."

Gold Record: The director of *Solo* is in preproduction with a new feature, *Myself*, a feature film. He wrote an early screenplay, *Love Rock*, which he and *Solo*—it's not a documentary. He's in shooting in London. He's also completed a new installation on violence in contemporary cinema for the Women Center in Columbus, Ohio, running through January 5—so here.

Harry Kim: The poet and author of *The Last* is working on a new collection, a book for *Writing* about his latest collection, which she thought of *Writing*. "But I couldn't think of anything as interesting," she says. "I mean, being in a place like Louisiana, Louisiana is *Writing* in '72." She is also finishing a new book of poems.

Lorenza Caporale: The author of *Shadows* is working on two screenplays—*Shadows*, the film of *Shadows*, for Barry Levinson, and *Shadows*, a courtroom drama—and writing *Shadows*, a new thriller, for *Shadows*.

—MICKA, I. Aversa

The Male Animal

TO YOUR HEALTH: HOW TO STAY FIT, SANE, AND ON TOP OF YOUR GAME. EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC



BODY-FAT SCALE

Used to be, to determine your body-fat percentage, you'd have to get dunked in a measurement pool of an obesity lab. With the Tanita Body Fat Monitor/Scale (\$199), all you have to do is take off your socks. It sends a tiny electrical pulse up through one bare foot and measures the time it takes to reach the other; the more fat you're carrying, the slower the current completes the circuit. It then calculates your percentage of body fat to within 2 or 3 percent accuracy. (The lab is accurate to 1 or 2 percent.) Oh, and it gives your weight, too.

CHOLESTEROL TEST

The hardest part of ClearMark's Cholesterol test (\$12) is sticking your own finger. Separates a blood drop into a hole in the tray. Pull out a little tab. It's done. A filter removes your plasma from your blood. For 100 seconds, the cholesterol in the plasma reacts with a purple dye, which is drawn up in "wicking strips." The height it reaches, checked against a table, gives you a cholesterol reading that's virtually lab-accurate. It does not, however, distinguish between LDL and HDL cholesterol.

BLOOD-PRESSURE MONITORS

High-tech blood-pressure monitors pump air into cuffs around your wrist (Maxxon's Compact Wrist Monitor, right, \$110), upper arm (Flammop's Auto-Inflating Monitor, \$110), or finger (Seafarer's Finger Monitor, \$99). Your pulse causes tiny variations in the air pressure inside the cuff. That's what those "acoustic" monitors measure to derive your blood pressure, both systolic and diastolic, which they display digitally, along with your pulse.

WISDOMS AND MEASURES

Body Check

You visit the doc, and you know your cardio numbers are, well, average. You're in for more jogging and fewer hamburgers. Need some motivation? These home-testing kits help set by showing you just how well your new regime is working.

—COLIN BEAMAN



PULSE MONITORS

Wristed pulse monitors can help you keep your pulse in your target aerobic range during exercise and measure your recovery time afterward. Put your finger on the infrared photometers and they register the surges of hemoglobin in your capillaries. Casir's Pulse Monitor Watch (\$75) also indicates your position within your aerobic range and doubles as a stopwatch. The AccuPulse Fitness Watcher by Precise (left, \$40), more around your wrist or as a clip-on, sounds an alarm if you're outside your target range.

THE MALE MIND MICHAEL MOORE

Two Girls for Every Boy

HERE'S WHAT THE proponents of male-video stories know that you may not. All men—straight ones, anyway—are aroused by the idea of two women having sex with each other. Hence the ubiquity of lesbian encounters in porn films.

According to the people who study such things, men indulge in the fantasy at levels that range from active to voyeuristic. Some actually arrange a ménage à trois—one of the sexual activities most frequently requested of prostitutes. Others occasionally dial up the fantasy to try to and—erect—while masturbating. Any even buttoned-up types who have never spontaneously run the women pure out (so their great shock, no doubt) to be stirred by pictures of two girls in lingerie. Male fascination with female coupling is so universal, in fact, that some researchers consider the erotic response to it a reliable indicator of heterosexuality.

Although your favorite lesbian vignette may have some superficial reasons, no script probably adheres to a well-established formula. Most proceed sequentially. At first, the encounter is exclusively between the women, with a man (you?) looking on. Later, the lucky guy is joined by a male participant. The mood in the bedroom is blissful and generous, no one is jealous or possessive, there's a lot of sexual sharing, and no one feels excluded. The beauty of the sex triangle is that it's actually a twofold: It incorpo-

rates the best most constant male fantasy, that of the orgasm-enthralled woman who is always lubricated and has no sexual needs of her own. And in due course, there are, happily, two of them.

Like most fantasy, this one offers an end run around inhibitions and fears and reverses reality. Popular man Edith Penon, who examines the phenomenon in her new book, *By Force of*

just about every level. Probe deeper and you find that one of the women is often significantly older than the other. No mystery here. The scenario offers a safe way to experience the forbidden pleasures of incest, even though the paternal figure is sometimes represented as (horror!) your mother-in-law. And among all those rivets you're vanguard to ascend to this special level, next is a certain other powerful parental figure.

Finally, the fantasy caters to men to create a couple of other taboo subjects: their own unconscious feminine identification and homosexual desires. Again, the fact that the sex partners are women offers a reassuringly safe avenue from these threatening psychic considerations.

Is there a homologous fantasy in straight women? A substantial number of women do run a two-girl fantasy—but with a twist. Rather than looking around with such other, the men are making love to her. "It's about power—and good sex for her," says Penon. A more widespread imagery of the female psyche is the Jane Fonda fantasy: running an injured man.

Which may be how you feel right now, as you try to coax images of a sport with your mother-in-law from your land imagination.

The fantasy, says Penon, provides gratification at

At first, he fears he's redundant. But, asked to join in the fun, he finds that only his manly powers can satisfy them.

The Assault on H₂O

WITH MY NOSE two inches from a damp ridge of vertical ice, my fingers clamping around an ax handle, and my heels about fifty feet above the nearest valley floor, I did not, surprisingly enough, find myself thinking, *Why am I here?* I'd feared this alpine ice twelve feet

The "here" in question was a frozen waterfall in the Adirondacks known affectionately by local ice climbers as Puck Off Left. (Because of plentiful coldness and wetness, the Adirondacks have some of the most reliable—though perhaps not the most dramatic—ice climbing in the country.) My insurance, Don Mellor, who literally wrote the book on rock and ice climbing in the Adirondacks, had made it sound like fun. And so twelve feet up, I had in fact been enjoying chinking my companion's added toes into the ice and inching my way toward the ice at the top of the waterfall.

The conservative scenery guard at the top was important, not only because

★ *Starting his climbing career—then and then—in the Adirondacks and Puck Off Left, New York (716-576-2111), will be up to with an ax on his back, maybe even Don Mellor. It will also be "If you wish all the gear you need."*

climbing chunks. He lent us very cool-looking ice axes.

In fact, it was the short-handled, curve-headed climbing ax, invented by Yvon Chouinard in the 1930s, that earned ice climbing from a fringe exercise in "near chipping" into the sport it is today. In the 1930s, it got safer, with improved ice screws. In the 1950s, it got more comfortable, with Goss-Ten and Polarite. In the 1970s, it became a growth industry. Sales for ice-climbing gear are up 300 percent in four years.

The trick to ice climbing, other than facing the fear and rehearsing the adjectives,

is finding the bits of frozen waterfall that will actually hold you. When my vertical progress stalled out at around thirty feet up, and my mental race seemed to give way everywhere I poked, I began listening carefully to the tips Mellor called up from below. "Be in a depression or better than so that sticks out in a knob or a ridge," he said. And, "If you spread your feet and lean in, you might get more balance."

Which worked until I found myself at forty feet, sweat-clogged, nose to the yellowish ice, wondering if my old college buddy ever found

out about the time I made out with his girlfriend. The bad dog that is, who was currently at the bottom of the waterfall, holding on to my belly rope. Not that I ever really thought he wouldn't hold on if I fell, which, about six inches later—clink, clink, clink, clink, he-bink, whoosh—I did. But I wondered if he knew. The best thing about not climbing, it occurred to me as I crab-walked backward all the way down the waterfall, may be that it gives you the opportunity to say, "Thanks, man, you saved my life" and have it be true.

—PAUL SCHWARTZ



KIDNAP

If You Pull It, Stretch It

Should you rest a pulled muscle? Most of us soon to think so. But the fact is that if you do, you lose strength and mobility before as fast as you can regain when you start exercising again. Moreover, research shows that you learn from the road. So says Dr. Allan Levy, the New York University physician and the author of the *Sports Injury Notebook*. According to the good doctor, it's better to stretch.

Performing gentle stretches a few times a day, starting within thirty-six hours of the injury, will restore you more quickly. They prevent the muscle from breaking in a permanent position and help maintain strength by working it against itself.

"When you've consistently stretched a pulled muscle on five or six days on the other side, you're ready to return to exercise," Dr. Levy says.

DEPT. OF HOSTILITY

The Sperm Scrimmage

THE PROCESS OF conception is commonly compared to a streptococcus sperm running one big obstacle course from the vagina through the cervix, into the uterus, then up the fallopian tube to the waiting egg. May the best sperm swimmer win.

Recently, however, with the rise of evolutionary biology, which takes a sperm's-eye view of sex, the "sperm race" theory of conception has started to crumble. If conception is a race, it's a very peculiar one, because from an evolutionary perspective, the winning sperm always has to mate with all its brothers—that is, every sperm divides eventually the same DNA.

But recent scholarship by Robin Baker of the University of Manchester suggests that a man's sperm competes in ways far more often than you might guess. Blood typing analyses and other reliable measures show that direct proximity between at least 10 percent worldwide. A closer study conducted by Baker concluded that, among British women in the last 50 years at least, between a parent and a percent of all children were conceived while their mother's reproductive tract contained the seed of more than one man.

So, though genetically it doesn't matter which of your sperm gets to the egg, it'd better be one of yours. If sperm from two men converge in one woman, then conception starts looking less like a race and more like a team sport. In fact, the whole process, outlined in Baker's book *Human Sperm Competition*, looks a lot like

football. There are tackles and blockades and, yes, even a quarterback. Here's what the starting lineup:

THE TACKLE

Every sperm is born with a bomb on its head—the acrosome, a payload of killer enzymes. When the tackle



sperm encounters another man's sperm, it attacks, literally losing much of its head, and soon curls up and starts to die, becoming . . .



THE BLOCKER

Blockers are sperm that are dying, because of either direct exhaustion or the signs of head-to-head combat. During their swim along, they swim either out, coming from the lodge in the narrow channels of cervical mucus that lead up to the egg. Then, even when dead, they serve as a physical obstacle. In some cases, dead sperm can plug the cervical canal for days at a time. Subsequent sperm, perhaps from subsequent men, are thwarted.



THE QUARTERBACK

As a sperm matures, its head grows. In the unlikely event that a sperm manages to avoid death by combat and survives the often taxing environment of the female reproductive tract, it may grow to be megacrophobic—that is, get a big head. (Wouldn't you?) Though megacrophobic sperm are relatively rare, they are the only ones capable of fertilizing an egg. Instead of looking for a fight, they look for the egg; their acrosomes held in reserve to blast through its tough outer membrane. Touchdown.

—ADAM PARKER

Would I Lie to You?

YOUR FRIEND'S PLATONIC? You wish it didn't, but it does. The rest of the evidence fades and glimmers at their wickets while you sit there, gazing dumbly at the absorption-unfolding coverage. When it's over, you ache to join those who sprint for the exits, but your friend will be wearing backstage.

How do you tell him what you think, measuring loyalty yet true to yourself? You don't, of course.

"You've done it again," you say, beaming.

"Really?" He chuckles. "Because I know the second act goes off to a slow start."

"It's beyond words," you offer in benediction as you ease out the door, still indelibly unimpeachable, but not barely.

As the third tells us, all the world's a stage, and occasionally we all find ourselves cast as critic. When asked our opinion of a meal, a girlfriend, a living-room sofa, a girlfriend, we may long to follow Frank Rich to the island, Greek pastures of Thucydides or Aristotle's right punditry.

"So, what do you think of my new haircut?" a colleague asks. "I love your haircut, really."

"Well, to be honest..." You pause, considering her career call. "I think you've had better haircuts."

"Well, at least it's stylish," she bristles. "I'm not stuck in the ages." "Ouch!"

When is honest criticism truly called for? Rarely. When there's a history of

constructive candor between you, when an unquenchable eye is truly wanted, and when there's a chance to make a positive difference, perhaps you say forth. "You don't seem to have friends' feelings, but you also don't want them to humiliate themselves," says one loyal friend. "But never criticize when the subject of review is a first attempt."

When the hour is already cut, the furniture brought, the play opening, and editors would only wonder—and determine—then really lie.

"Long Word" says one letter-scattered veteran. "It's sort of an all-purpose flax schach—a blank emotional screen that allows others to project anything they want onto it."

But every sensible man knows to say flax to his wife or girlfriend, "I like your hair," even if he's staring at a Medusa. Hair—grows. Medusa, too, come and go. No need to draw a line in the sand over one must lie. Love should not be hostage to reflexive honesty to compensate another's singular lack of imagination. And under no circumstances do you ever agree with someone when they say they're general wowing.

Complacently cordial people often wield their friendliness like a truncheon. A veteran columnist I know delights in telling unlearned novices to give up. I always try to encourage; even the dachshund challenged. Daily deadness and bluish death

pale will soon take care of them. And those who vent is badly enough won't be stopped by any party opinion. A junior-high art teacher, my double exasperated by my antics (and to show a still life, I'd have the apple saying something to the banana), asked me what I wanted to do when I grew up. "I want to be an artist," I said. "Ha!" she sneered. "You don't have the discipline." She was right. But I still became an artist. Criticism can be a motivation. I find something I like in the work and point out what needs improving. A novelist who teaches creative writing says that even in very bad work, he can usually find a paragraph, a sentence, that shows promise. He also his students. "Do you hear why that is good? Can you get the rest of the story up to that level?"

A good rule of thumb for many reviewers is to treat the target of one's critique as if it were the person's baby. A bad may have a fair child run a building off a meat wagon, but no decent person will tell the mother it's butt ugly. This thought experiment effectively curbs any impulse to control brutality.

Once, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and his wife were walking down Madison Avenue when they ran into an old friend, Benjamin Spock. "Oh, my God!" he exclaimed, delightedly gawking down at their pride and joy. "I've never seen such a beautiful!" The proud parents beamed as they awaited the blessing of the world's leading expert on infants.

"... carrying!" said Dr. Spock. ■

STUBBORN
DIMENSIONAL

How Tall People Get the Short End

Yes, you—the big guy: Just how tall are you, anyway? We're worried about you. As you're so fond of pre-empting from on high, life is unfair. Here's how it's unfair for you. Shorter, smaller people, it turns out, live longer on average than you do—and live better, too, with fewer degenerative illnesses such as cancer and heart disease. So says the *Tomasson Letter for Doctors & Patients*, which recently published a meta-analysis of more than a century's worth of data from sources worldwide.

Examining the vital statistics of hundreds of baseball players, for example, researchers found that the doorkeeper's last about one year of life for every added inch of height. The authors focused more on the end result than the causes, but they note that a heart issue a larger body has to work harder. They speculate as well that smaller people live longer because they have fewer cells to mutate disease—a lot fewer. If you're a six-foot, 150-pound hunk, you have forty billion more cells than a five-foot, 110-pound wrestling dude. But cells are, he's having the last laugh, is that so unfair?

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A BRIDGE TO NOWHERE

A 21st-century man's
Top Ten Reasons to Be
Mad About 1996

AT TIMES LIKE THESE, I CAN see myself as a misanthropic soldier of fortune, my face flecked with graying stubble, my sweat-soaked khakis stained and frayed, a disheveled Un sub shag across my heaving chest as I scuffle out of the jungle with a few Krugmans in my pocket and no prospects. Nearly two years on my life on the battle lines, seeing gringos food on the run, sleeping, God knows where, trudging across swamps, seams in the half-light before dawn, animated only by the delusion that I was outside the realm of history.

Election Days have left me jaded before, but never have I been so amazed in an inquisitor-at-large sense of history. The 1996 presidential pendulum cast nearly a billion (thank you, Mr. Bush) years of old and shattered our best odds with two cotton-candy conventions, three agonized debates, and a dozen election night rituals only by the over-swing snarl of David Brinkley.

And for what? So that more than half the electorate (50 percent in cutting-edge California) would say *hooray*? So that only five states would switch their party allegiance from 1992 to 1996? So that Bob Dole, who unveiled his campaign bus on Lanesman in early 1995, would formally surrender on the same ground seventy-one weeks later? So that Bill Clinton, along with victory even as he was building a lousy farewell to world-class weirdo Dick Morris, could bark in his thirty-one-year mandate for... er... what was it? I have it here somewhere... a new law listing

parents slip away from work to attend PEA meetings?

Now they are sweeping up the debris from this decade of democracy (lookin' good bridge building manually) with the same bludge with which Clinton ransacked up postmodernism migrations from his Cabinet. "What?" I want to shout like a half-voiced parakeet. "I'm not finished yet!" Even after covering the last five presidential races, I stubbornly cling to the nationalist illusion that we can learn from our mistakes, that four years from now we will somehow get it right. So, as a belated salute to future generations, here are ten final thoughts about the nonstop nonsense that was '96.

New York Times CBS survey heralding the president's reelection was a denigratingly wrongheaded eighteen-point margin from Literary Pollster John Zogby, who wrote the prophecy paper by consistently forecasting a tighter-than-expected race, has such disconcerting sampling methods that the end result seemed more lucky guess than least genius.

What is the new voice of horsemanship that leads if they prove to be consistently wrong, largely because pollsters have no clue who will actually vote? In fact, the lapidated pseudoscience of the surveys may have been a major factor in dispiriting national Political appointees should share in the embarrassment for goodfellow before the false gods of



How *hooray* now, then? David Lanesman found something to laugh at, but that's his job.

10 A PIE ON THE POLE: With more than eight hundred published national polls in 1996, you might think that we had a post-proof election. In truth, the polling establishment didn't perform that much better than it did in the Dewey-B Truman era. All but two of the major polls conducted the weekend before the election inaccurately predicted a double-digit Clinton landslide, with the

psychology. A quick search of the Nosis database reveals the questions trap in poll-driven media coverage. On a typical day a month before the election (October 4), fifty-five separate articles in targeted newspapers listed Clinton and Dole with the word *poll*. On that same date in 1978, only fourteen campaign fact-finding, only fourteen news media dealt with polls. By the way, the accu-

rately hapless Dole ended up winning almost as many electoral votes as the last three losing Democrats combined.

9 DODGED HUSTLE: Now that the Republicans have shown that their congressional majority are second-rate in Gingrich but as gung-ho (can y'all say "mugshot"?), it will become fashionable to blame gridlock on the will of the electorate. A World Series-style Bronx cheer is in order each time an up of optimism denotes that "American prefer divided government." According to exit polls, only 10 percent of Clinton supporters and 10 percent of Dole disbelievers opted for a congressional coalition from the opposing party. Nine tenths of the voters devotedly wish that somebody and some party were in charge in Washington.

8 PROTEST-ESTER CHANGE: In 1992, Adlai Stevenson complained that Republican dogmatism ("Time for a Change") was reducing politics to the level of deciding "whether to buy one box of soap or another." Forty-four years later, his fellow Democrat Clinton borrowed modern ad techniques to achieve surprising levels of synthetic beauty. The Clinton polling team of Mark Penn and Doug Schoen even tested bridge metaphors, with a spin to the twenty-first century: demolishing an overpass "to the year 2000" by a two-to-one margin. (Lumping loose last was a "bridge to deep do-semp.")

Even though Dole previously insisted on saying whatever popped into his mind, most of the speeches at the GOP convention were little more than strings of buzzwords that had already passed muster with focus groups. When the Arch Deluxe commercial that coaxed us after the debate is somehow less scripted, it is any wonder that most Americans cannot locate themselves from their tongue to vote?

4 A WIFE OF NO COMPLIMENT: "What happened?" Clinton aides were asking by mid-October. The Republicans used to be so good. In truth, it was a rising Ronald Reagan who lifted all operatives. All it means when saying advance men that the 1996 GOP race on its return is that he was lucky in his choice of a candidate. For the next twenty years, Clinton campaign alumni, whether opposition or not, will find steady work in

Democratic politics based on a sensible assumption of gift by association.

6 BALD'S CORNER: With Dole campaign manager Scott Reed fast becoming Washington's version of Julia Phillips, it is impressive that outgoing Republican chairman Dan Quayle has managed to keep his lunch calendar fully booked. Never in modern memory has a party chairman played such a lively role in rigging the primaries for the front-runner—and escaped with his reputation intact after the fall.

In hindsight, the first forward Republican primary calendar guaranteed that Dole would be the GOP nominee. When Republican governors were rushing to move up their state's primaries, Bush senior never entered a pool of points. But he also presided over the year's most strange decision: delaying the GOP convention until mid-August for fear of competing with the Olympics. Promoted pressmen, coupled with a late convention, meant that Dole, with barely enough leftover cash for a bus ticket to Kansas, had to wait five months in limbo, waiting for his six million in federal election subsidies.

10 THE FUNDRAISER PHILADELPHIA: For a would-be Democrat craving a high-level government job to burnish his *Who's Who* entry there seemed no safer place than raising millions for the reelection campaign. The role model was Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin, who, as head of Goldman Sachs, was Clinton's Wall Street money mentor in 1994. This same amount, however, the road to the Cabinet or a cushy embassy is probably not paved with gold. Thanks to the beneficence of John Huang and James Brady, any Clinton fundraiser unlikely enough to be rewarded for a post that required confirmation by the Republican Senate may find himself spending more time under oath than Mark Faberian.

71 THIRD-TIME YOBBI: Sometime this year, if any launch holds, Clinton will quickly consummate a poll to see if there is any hope of repeating the Twenty-second Amendment. The president will then revert field and conduct a constitutional amendment mandating twelve-

year terms limits for Congress and accordingly claim that fairness should also permit a president to play the duenna.

10 GAMES AGAIN: If politics were scripted like an Alfred Hitchcock thriller, Democrats and five more-week-Gore lawsuits would have been weighing in their suit and scurrying to stick noses. "Al, don't do it. Don't go with that Red-Hot twinge!" the men from Rome, when only the Nobel connoisseur will remember East Texas, the comic usage of the vice-president building a Buddha statue with shared heart, poverty-sowing rural as major donors will caduce.

That that vice-presidential lack, because as I watched Gore on the stage for the closing days of the campaign, I was denied by his awkward ease as a candidate, whether he was playing partner problems or scheming with reporters on the scales of Air Force Two. Then on election

night, the three-deaf Gore of yesterday's scenario with a vengeance in his labored and slavish introduction of the victorious Clinton. I am searching for thoughts to explain Gore's sudden jolted-and-Hyde gesture and, moreover, for an answer to the unspoken question: Which one is Buddha?

10 CASH AND KENNEDY: Our pleasure Gore at will, Nebraska's Bob Kerrey took it on the chin as chairman of the Democratic Senate Campaign Committee. Kerrey's new-majority strategy was to recruit self-funded millionaire businessmen to wear open and GOP Senate seats. From veteran capitalist Mark Warner in Virginia to software king Tim Wiegman in Oregon, every one of the antipolitics Kerrey desired was defined.

10 UNWINDING NINETEEN: For all my walling over the toxicity of modern campaigns, for all my good-government dismay over self-interest politics, for all my dark despair over the deliriums of democracy, the eternal adolescent in me still can't wait for 2000. After all, this will be only the second presidential contest since 1976 without an incumbent on the ballot. Al Gore versus John Engler—my heart goes with anticipation. ■

THE GREATEST SHOW ON ICE

After a legendary career on the road, Wayne Gretzky finally takes his act to New York

ON THE LAST NIGHT OF THE World Series, the granddaddy of all baseball nights at Yankee Stadium, Wayne Gretzky wanted to be in the ballpark to see it all for himself. So he sat with his wife, Janice, and his new boss, Madison Square Garden president Dave Checketts, right behind the Yankee dugout. This was big game New York, as big as it gets, in baseball or anything else. And Gretzky, new in town, had the best seat in the house.

He wore a Yankees cap and expensive designer clothes—the Great Gretzky as Great Gretzky—and all through game six between the Yankees and the Braves, he heard a sound from sports he had never heard before.

"They played in the finals of our game," he would tell me several days later. "I've been at the Stanley Derby and to the NBA Finals. But never in my life have I ever experienced that kind of electricity at a sports event."

At one point in the game, with a few casts to go, Gretzky turned to Checketts and said, "So this is New York."

Checketts smiled and said, "Only better."

Finally, in the eighth inning, Gretzky—with a game of his own to play for the New York Rangers the next night—thought he ought to heat the crowd and go back to his Manhattan apartment to watch the end of game six. He thanked Checketts again, and he and his wife were ready to leave.

But before he did, Gretzky stood and took one last look around Yankee Stadium. One more glimpse. This

was the night when the Stadium was as spectacular a view of New York as the one you get from the Empire State Building. And more than all the native New Yorkers in the place, Gretzky seemed to understand.

"This is why you play," Gretzky said to Checketts.

Checketts said, "This is why we wanted you to play here." Gretzky headed out of the Stadium. And turned it all perfectly, the way he takes passes into the crease. He was home to watch Charlie Hayes of the Yankees record the last out.

"I sat there thinking one thing," he said. "I want one more night like this."

WHEN WAYNE GRETZKY WAS TRADED away from the Edmonton Oilers to the Los Angeles Kings in 1981, he took the National Hockey League to the next level in this country—not just in L.A., but in Florida, in Texas now in Phoenix, and every other place that wants a million miles away from Alberta. Gretzky could do that all by himself. He is not just the most prolific scorer in hockey history, he is the most famous hockey player who has ever lived.

The career highlights are staggering: most goals (1,762), most points (1,067), the single-season record for points (95, six seasons), 50 goals, four Stanley Cups with the Oilers. And he has only won the Hart Memorial Trophy for the most valuable player more times.

Gretzky's skills with the puck, his ability to move with grace through all the rough trade of his sport despite what can sometimes appear to be a full-contact frame, are more subtle than Michael Jordan's running skills on a basketball court. But Gretzky is actually more like Mike Johnson in that sense. He is a power first, a playmaker.

"I know people talk about me sometimes in the same breath as Michael, as though I'm the Michael of



Robb Rath on chance if you get a chance at a Wayne Gretzky says Dave Checketts you sign him.

hockey," Gretzky says. "And I just want to laugh. No one belongs in the same breath as Michael. That's not just madison. That's just a fact."

But his Edmonton years of the night were a lot like Jordan's dominant Chicago years of the nineties, with Mark Messier playing the part of Scottie Pippen. Now Gretzky is with Messier again in New York. He nearly made it in Madison Square Garden last February, but the deal fell apart over money, and Gretzky was traded from Los Angeles to the St. Louis Blues. He became a free agent after that, and the Rangers immediately went after him, taking a six-million, two-year deal.

"You get a chance to sign Robb Rath, you sign him," Checketts said at the time. "You get a shot at Michael Jor-

dan, you do the same thing. It's the same thing with Wayne Gretzky. I really believe this is not just the best thing for us but for him."

Somewhere, in all the years since Edmonton, even playing in Los Angeles, it is as if Gretzky took his show on the road. Now, at the end, at age thirty-six, he would have a chance to bring his act to New York.

Wayne Gretzky would finally be opening on Broadway. Better late—and greater—than never.

The week after the World Series, Gretzky is sitting in the Rangers' locker room in their new building next to Rye Playland, an amusement park that sits on Long Island Sound. Gretzky is getting dressed for a flight to Boston, where the Rangers will play the next night. He is munching on a piece of Italian bread. It passes for lunch. After all these years, despite his golden-boy image, he still looks as if he is in need of a good hot meal.

"You don't have to be here very long to understand what a tough town this is about sports," he says. "And that's exactly the way it should be, as far as I'm concerned. People paying the kind of money these people pay for tickets shouldn't be satisfied with anything less than winning. I'm close on that. I make a lot of money, and I'm not satisfied with anything less than winning. As far as I'm concerned, I've paid that kind of money to win."

"One of the reasons I wanted to come to New York is because I really believe that the kind of pressure New York puts on you makes you a better player," he says. "Or at least it should."

Messier comes through the room wearing only a towel, eyes as fierce as they are on the ice. From the top of his shaved head on down, Messier seems to be made out of adze-work. When he sees Gretzky, Messier smiles, the way he would at a little brother.

"We were riding to practice one of the first days I was here, and Mark told me something I haven't forgotten," Gretzky says. "He said in New York, you can get away with anything except one thing: an ill will." While I was in Gretzky's locker room, I talk to Brian Leach, the great young Rangers defenseman, who is doing some body-and-leader work on the blade of a new stick.

THE SPORTING LIFE

"Then, you consider yourself just lucky to be here with someone like Wayne is playing," Leach says. "Then you say, Okay, I was lucky enough to be on the same ice with the guy even as an opponent. And then, if you're really lucky, you get what all of us are getting here right now: You get to know him as a teammate and as a friend."

Leach and I talk about some of the plays Gretzky has already made in his first quarter season in New York. "All of us players are exactly like the people sitting in the stands, our world is on television," he says. "We sit there on the bench and sometimes we just can't believe what we just saw."

So New York is becoming Wayne's World, taking his daughter to school in the morning, going to Yankee games, making the rounds, making all the right moves, on and off the ice. A few days after game six of the World Series, Gretzky sent a gift basket of Godwin chocolates to Checketts's office at the Garden, accompanied by a handwritten thank-you note.

"Let's just say that gestures like that are not exactly a common occurrence in professional sports," Checketts says.

"Listen," Gretzky says at Rye Playland, Tim Guskal for everything hockey has gone on. Sometimes I hear about this huge deal. Hockey is supposed to come to me. And guess what? Hockey doesn't owe me anything. Not even a chance to play in New York, on a team like this." Gretzky pauses, then adds, "But now I do have this chance. After everything that's happened to me, after all the frustration I felt in Los Angeles the last couple of years, I believe I've been given a third act here. I feel rewarded, and I think my game is showing that. I know the Rangers would be a good situation for me. I just didn't know it would be this good, feel this right."

"The best thing is that Mark is here," he continues. "Mark and this group of guys—Brian Leach and Mike Richter and the rest of them. I'm in a situation now where I'm not just me, I don't have to carry the weight of the world on my shoulders."

Messier is the team leader. He is a hockey champion for all time with

his six Championship rings. The Rangers are his team and will be until the day he retires.

It is just different with Gretzky and always has been. He elevates sports to high art, a player for the ages. Even now.

And more than that, he remains an example of sports as we want them to be. He is the star athlete who talks about sports the way we hope they'd all talk about sports, who chases one more title, his fifth, the way Jordan chases his fifth with the Bulls—on the ice, the most important thing that could ever happen to him. It is another reason Gretzky was made for the kind of stage New York gives him.

"I really am a fan," he says. "I see too many kids come into sports now and they're not like—they're already businessmen."

It's not the way Mark was brought up.

"The thing that makes you appreciate this kind of life is when you worry around inside of you all the passion the fans do. And a love of sports. And maybe the sense of how much fun this is supposed to be."

A few moments before, out on the small rink at Rye Playland, Gretzky had ended up with the puck near the end of practice. He wore a blue jersey and no helmet, so you could see his blood hair, the fact he has blue eyes, the smile. Playing in Canadian games, in his hometown, Gretzky looked like everybody's all-American.

Mike Richter was in goal, and coach Colin Campbell had blown the whistle. But Gretzky had the puck, and Richter was watching him. This was a penalty shot, one-on-one, just for the sport of it. Here came Gretzky: skating on the ice, puck in front of his stick and then behind it. Still smiling.

Finally, Gretzky stopped in front of the goal, and the puck disappeared behind him again, gone from sight. Then, after a few seconds he pulled it back. Richter's puck! Goal. Wayne Gretzky had scored the bench, sent in the ice in perfect position to receive one more Stanley Cup, if only in his dreams.

HOW THEY SAVED THE PATIENT

Faces and feet: Ralph Fiennes and Kevin Spacey. Thomson weathers the heat and sees to the inevitable damage.



Great novels usually make lousy movies. So what happened to *The English Patient*?

I WRITE ABOUT FILM, IN THE dark I mean, with noggad and pen, say notes all tumbling down to the right. When I can't decipher those lines, and when I fear that in looking down I've missed something new and flaring on the screen, I give up the notes. Instead, I use the film, hanging on for dear life, and wait down my modifications later, like someone who's just interviewed King Kong.

This job can't be done. When *Birth of a Nation* opened in 1915, Woodrow Wilson is alleged to have said it was

"like history written with lightning." Anyone who writes about film is trying to locate lightning, for sooner or later we know the language of words and sentences in conveying a person, a look, a light, or something inevitably disarranged up on the screen. Yes, there are scripts before that wonder, scripts that arrange words that scripts are not film; they are another story, somewhere between promotional brochure and hollow insurance policy. "If it was all in the script," the director Nicholas Ray asked once, "why make the movie?"

Why indeed? And why bother to write about a situation that has come and gone? Aren't the movies about being there in the dark? This column will ponder these questions and the responsibility of getting a grip on lightning. It will not be a review column in the regular sense. So I'm not bothering to suggest that you see *The*

English Patient, the new movie aside from the novel by Michael Ondaatje. Rather, I'm taking it for granted that early on in the movie you know you were going to see it again. Because something wonderful and mysterious has happened.

Film and the Novel require a potential course of accidents—a race, police flower and yet a funeral bloom for the carriage. Kauls are seeing Sense and Sensibility and Sense, reading the books, and finding to their dismay that Jane Austen was not a sitcom writer but an ironic intelligence. Movie-makers read the library for proven scenarios and stories they can't invent. And because the films so often travesty the good books, so the wisdom has spread that bad literature makes the best movies (in the dark, Michael Crichton is better than Wilkie Collins). As a

rule, seeing the movie to know a book better is as stupid as reading the type-off novella of a hot picture. Films and books are as separate as men and women. But which is which?

In spite of film seeming to operate in spectacular a medium, it's actually more modest than a book in its use of language. Because a book has to do so much to move you to an emotional level that you simply see on film. It's all there. I don't think I could ever write a screenplay. There's a subtlety in writing for film that I just don't have. The right face needs to say so little.

The speaker is Michael Ondaatje, the novelist (born in St. Louis, educated in England, and now a resident of Canada) who saw the final version of *The English Patient* only in late October, at a New York junket introducing the picture to the press. He was "tense as hell" about it, and a

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In addition, tretinoin's anti-DH testosterone action concentrates the growth of stronger hair and improves the quality of

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THE MAN IN THE GRAY-FLANNEL PAJAMAS



It's not working at home I mind so much—it's the commute

By Mark Leyner
From Mark Leyner
Subject: Office space
by: Mark Leyner

EARLY ON IN LIFE, I LEARNED that in this culture, the successful man leaves home each morning. Where he goes and what he does may be a mystery to his family he leaves behind, but clearly he ventures forth into a world of commerce and he conducts business.

And he commutes. Men who work at home are highly superior. This applies to all males, even the ones without jobs is, of course, school.

My father appeared each and every morning at the breakfast table, impeccably accoutred in a business

suit and hairbrush, heavily and perfectly containing coffee and toast, already distracted by the impending congestion of his day.

I never forget one morning when my father appeared at the breakfast table, complacent as always in hunter-corporate regalia, and there I was still in my flannel pj's, fixating infinity.

I was a virtuoso at faking serious and exotic illnesses. With a little of my mother's mania and some confessions from the refrigerator, I could do a few *colicoides* or *dysenteries* caused by eating uncooked water olives, or stomachs twisted with fluke larvae that was good for at least a month off and even hail the parasitology department at Mount Sinai locked.

I had a vast dyslexia, an insidious Legionnaires' disease, and a Crohn's-Congers liver to die for.

"Why aren't you dressed for school? What's the matter with you?" my father asked.

"Crisis," I declared. I said, "with a touch of flesh-renewing stress."

And he gave me this book of utter

concepts, a book that haunts me to this day, a book that basically said: "First, stay back with the womanfolk and the aged; we men are off to pillage Troy."

The message behind this, of course, was that every morning—no matter how you feel physically and no matter what mood you're in—you have to get yourself out of bed, shower, shave, put on a dark suit, hood your face in a black silk mask, and go out into the world and make some money.

Well, here I am today making a comfortable living—knock on wood—in the content-provision business (what they used to call better letters), except there's a problem. Like most people in my line, I work at (gulp) home.

I'll be honest with you, when I first started, I was really messed up. Yeah, I was successful, but I didn't feel as if I were pillaging Troy. What I felt like was a phony, a malingerer in flannel pajamas. And I had a lot of concepts for myself. And I would get up sometimes alone and slumber surfing and couchkicking—not betting, but actually making it up with the coach myself—and God knows what would have happened, because I was getting the living shit peeled out of me. And then, one day, I realized—*duh!*—that the reason I felt like such a fraud was pretty simple. I didn't leave home in the morning. I didn't commute.

So ever since then—even though I work for myself, my deadline is for the most part self-imposed, and my daily workload is often no more than a night's nap—I do whatever I can to simulate a normative professional routine. Each morning, Monday through Friday I slam the alarm clock at 6 a.m. with some vulgar epiphany. I shave with my wife's discarded Lady Bits, in order to unconsciously ask myself so I can snuck those my pieces of toilet paper on my bloody face and appear the harried white-collar argonaut. I do

suit and tie, bolt down breakfast with headless, dyspepsia-inducing haste, and then—even though my office is a flight of stairs and then another fifteen feet from my kitchen—I "commute."

I either "drive" or "take the train"—depending on the traffic. To simulate the car commute, I sit on the stairs for half an hour, listening to talk radio on my Walkman. For the lax subway commute, I've installed a series of straps along the length of the hallway downstairs, and maybe twice a week I'll lean against the wall, hanging on to one of the straps, reading the paper for twenty minutes or so, and then back to the office.

Crazy? Listen, if this little charade is what it takes to keep me from getting back into the ring with some unpaid rooster, so be it.

THE ANTIHEROISM OF THE COMMUTE is the business trip. This is the mythic foray out into the hinterland where men do their greatest pilfering. For the famous writers, unfortunately, there's rarely a genuine need to make a business trip, except for the occasional book tour and patch meeting. And that's just not enough for a person with my psychological profile.

So at least once a month, I just book a couple of nights in some mid-western hotel, kiss the wife and daughter goodbye, screw-me if so the airport, and fly off. Remember, for me this is all about fun, going through the motions. And on a practical level, I can just as easily be on a couch, inside a small dark Swedish cabin, or a New York at the end of a search for that elusive not just in some hotel room as I can in my own office at home.

Although it's sufficiently therapeutic for me merely to depart, acquire a seat for a couple of days, produce a paragraph or two, and then remember I like to play the invaluable entrepreneur. As soon as the plane reaches cruising altitude, I like to pop my laptop, get right on the old phone, and call an imaginary business associate. "Just Jane, it's Layner. Yeah, I'm on the way to Milwaukee. Listen, there definitely wasn't the Fry's. Yeah, the Swath. I told them we'd throw in four two-thousand-pound laser-guided bombs for one million tons. They said a AAAF, badly. Ship it. Attention. Mr. Robert Smith." In, the guy from the Core. Okay? If you need to reach me, I'll be at the Pfister."

WILD KINGDOM

For working reasons, a lot of writers I know like the Château Marmont in West Hollywood. I've always preferred to hole up at the Pfister Hotel in Milwaukee. I do quality work at the Pfister.

I consistently take all my meals in the privacy of my room, with the exception of a single dinner that I enjoy in the Pfister's fine restaurant. I like to avoid myself at all but one opportunity to interact with my fellow hotel guests.

One night, as I perused the menu and sipped my drink, I noticed a middle-aged couple seated at a table diagonal to mine. The woman was wearing a blue dress with sherry gold appliqué trimmings. Her husband had on a nondescript brown sport jacket and tan trousers. They'd just been served their steaks. They ate in silence for several moments, and then the woman got up, took a small bag out of her purse, and handed it to her husband. He took it and looked at it with a look of intense concentration. "My God, you're shoveling a tin," she said to him, "like someone has a gun to your head. Whenever you go and stay with your mother, you come back eating like that. And I feel so sorry for you, because it makes me realize what you come from."

This is too good to be true! I alerted to myself, rubbing my hands together with glee. Unfortunately, I had to converse with the waiter for a minute, then to seem as if I'd left, and to get my car back to their direction. She was on her way to "something. I've never been able to shake about you. When you were whiskey, my 'whiskey.' Don't say, 'Canadian.' I don't know where you get this 'Canadian' bit from."

"I'll try to change," he said glumly. They ate in silence again for several moments, and then she looked up at him.

"When a sixty-year-old man goes after some juicy twenty-year-old and gets his dose and still has a best man, he deserves to die in agony," she said, spoonful of dirt in her mouth. She walked down a cruise bulletin. Heapped his facial masculinity.

AFTER SEVERAL DAYS' WORK ON MY novel—a passage depicting Joe Don Baker's People's Choice Award-winning performance as a disheveled acrobat

instructed in Jerry Lewis's reflecting mirror of Elton Poon's Fun Game—it was time to go home. As scheduled, I took the red-eye back that Friday night. The following morning, even though it was the weekend, I went into the office. (Can you believe that the subway took an hour—I was standing there in my hallway for my fishing hat. And on a Sunday morning?)

In order to convince myself that I actually commute to an active, fully staffed, hierarchical office, I sometimes find it necessary to meet with my "boss," especially when I've just returned from an important business trip. To appear listening to me converse with myself in two distinct voices, that probably resembles one of Norman's conversations with his agent at the Ritz Motel, but I find it an especially effective means of reassuring myself that I'm a bona fide businessman and not just some office drone.

"Mark, that Joe Don Baker-Pan Caves some you did out at the Pfister is outstanding work."

"Thank you very much, sir. That means a great deal to me. And at the risk of sounding like I'm working up, I just want to say, sir, that working with you has been just a tremendous learning experience."

I put my arm around my own shoulder.

"It's no secret, Mark, that someday I'd like all of this to be yours." I indicate the cranny of the office with a sweep of my hand.

YOU'RE PROBABLY ASKING YOURSELF If it's so important to have a workplace to continue to that you have to engage in all this chaotic, delusional playacting, why don't you just rent some office space somewhere and go write there every day?

Here's advice: At seventy-the-dollar-a-quarter level, I may be deluded, ungrateful, and deluged, but I'm not stupid.

Thank you for your attention to this matter. See you Monday at the permanent meeting. ■

THE MILKING WAY

If you build an advertising Web site, will they come?

I WAS HAVING TROUBLE WITH THE Milk Mytic. "How many calories is a glass?" I typed. After pressing the return button and waiting a second or two, I got my answer: "Hmmm... Why don't you ask me later?"

Surprised that the National Fluid Milk Processor Promotion Board's online oracle was unwilling to answer this question about his site of expertise, I moved on to an even more obvious query. "Will President Clinton be reelected?" I typed.

"Who do you think will win the next election?" the Milk Mytic replied.

"I asked you." "Let's talk about something else," the Milk Mytic replied. "Like milk?"

"I asked already. How many calories is a glass?" "Are you having trouble typing?" the Milk Mytic queried. "No."

"Let's talk about something else," the Milk Mytic wrote, "like milk!" "You may wonder why I was browsing the milk board's site on the World Wide Web. Mostly, it was to grapple with the reason it was there in the first place. The site's address, www.flmilk.com, aptly expressed my confusion.

COMMERCIALIZATION OF THE INTERNET is inevitable, we are being told. Investors are pouring up hundreds of

millions of dollars for e-time start-ups, numerous ad agencies, and search engines on the theory that traditional media are doomed as advertisers abandon them for new media that promise access, accuracy, and accountability. "When I watch the NBA playoffs and a huge banner on the scoring table has a URL [Web site address] plastered on it for the whole world to see, the old concept is warded once and for all," tech guru John Dierker trumpeted recently.

Parlor my punchline, but between here and there is a vast gulf of logic. I am not in denial. Two purchased

tings in the United States is for packaged goods, household items, household-interchangeable commodities in which people have an inherent interest. That's the reason d'ine of traditional advertising it originates you're engaged in other activities and forces you to pay attention, if only for the brief moment before you flip the page or tap the channel.

By contrast, Web advertising has to make you leave the site you've chosen and go somewhere else—not say that somewhere else belongs to a god-motivated advertising designer.

If the new media are to overtake the old media, they will have to find a way of drawing such advertisers and proving to them their worth—advertisers like the milk board, which for some reason decided to bring its prominence, by all accounts successful but otherwise conventional "milk muck" campaign to the Web.

As it happens, the developer of the "Why Milk" Web site is Poppe Tyson, one of the "big shot" interactive ad agencies, which hopes to be the field's next major initial public offering. An old-line specialist in business-to-business advertising, Poppe has ridden the slide stream of new media to dizzying heights. Its revenues more than doubled from 1994 to 1998—to \$4 million—to no small part because of interactivity, which brought the agency \$4.5 million in the last fiscal year, up from sixth rank in the Success Age. That growth curve and the belief that total Web advertising expenditures will increase (depending on which expert is making up the num-

bers) from two million this year to as much as two billion in the year 2000 have driven Poppe's owners to seek \$50 million from shareholders.

In short, there's a lot riding—far Poppe and, more broadly, for the new media—on the answer to "Why milk?"

I put the question to Forgas O'Daly. "Certain companies want to put up information," Poppe's thirty-five-year-old chief executive said. "The Web allows it, deeply." To real benefit, "When I needed a way to hook up a split keyboard made for IBM to my Macintosh, I easily found an adapter—a gadget no obscure to list in a short print advertisement—through a Web search."

Then there's the ingenuit marketing campaign, O'Daly continued. "In a Web catalog, for a company like CVS, I can act as a picture of a mother. I like and those women the sweater in two different colors—and look only at the sweater that are available, in stock." The savings, not just in time but in real money, can be enormous. It costs a catalog marketer upwards of twenty-six dollars to take your order over a toll-free line and then call back to tell you your preference is out of stock.

Then there are the packaged-goods guys, O'Daly concluded with what I took for disdain. "They believe the Internet is something they're using, whether they know it or not. But it's hard for me to believe that if you're Colgate toothpaste, someone would be so interested in the ideologies of orthodontics that they'll keep coming back to you. These people aren't spending their money wisely, in my opinion."

That criticism seemed to apply to the milk site here, it allows for some interactivity—in addition to the crumbly Milk Mytic, there is a "personal trainer," who will assess your current diet and, surprise, tell you how milk would improve it—but for the most part the information isn't deep and it doesn't save anyone money.

One young account executive told me the site would "provide information that would give target audiences new information to address manufacturing." That begged the question, Why would anyone seek out this fundamentally boring information in the first place? And if people don't

INSIDE INFORMATION

ask it, how do you get it to them?

Karl Granzer, the executive regional executive director of the milk board's education program, gave me a partial answer. The milkboard plans to

be doing intensive advertising, in a number of a percent of revenues. Some of that refers to the start-up costs of entering a new business that part of it reflects the competitive pressure

is in an industry with such low barriers to entry that numerous agencies and media companies have no choice but to keep their prices low.

"There does not seem to be a lot of potential for operating leverage there," said communications consultant Alan J. Gottman. "They're bringing more people and spending more money but not really making more. They can't change top dollar, because the market is setting the price, not them."

Not that Poppe was so profitable in the old-media days. In operating margins, 5 percent in 1994, were only about one-third the ad industry's standard, according to Gottman.

That may have left Poppe little choice but to try the new media gambit, even if the costs and the risks are high and the returns are questionable.

"If you're in a mature business like advertising and you happen to have developed market leadership in a new business like interactivity," said Richard A. Glavin, the publisher of "BusinessFinance," a newsletter that follows IPOs, "the classic strategy is to milk the cash

flowing business in order to end up in the hot position possibly heading into the future."

Which was, finally, the answer I'd been seeking. Why milk? Because right now, the milking is good—and the milk money may help you survive. ■



PAUL SIMMS'S BOOKMARKS

Favorite Web sites of the creator and executive producer of *NewsRadio* (NBC, Wednesdays at 8 PM ET)

THE NYC SERIES
www.nyseries.net/
jag@nyseries.net
Survey shows art photos.

THE INTERACTIVE KING OF ALL MEDIA NEWSLETTERS
www.iam.com
All around Stars, all the time.

Lipstick HEAVY INDUSTRIES
lipstick.com
A hacker's paradise.

DEJA NEWS
www.dejanews.com
Searchable Usenet archive.

VIDEO ARCHIVE PRESERVATION SOCIETY
www.vaps.org
Classic archive games and who was there too.

THE BET WEAR WEB CATALOG
www.betwear.com
Clothing for the independently published magazines.

THE NEWSRADIO LECTURE
www.shdfl.com/shdfl/newsradio
Official *NewsRadio* page created by one of the twenty people who watch our show on a regular basis.

There's an even more telling disclosure in Poppe's SEC filing. Its profit margins have actually declined during the two years the company's

A CURE FOR HEALTH COSTS

For a limited time only, a health-care plan that could save you plenty

IT DOESN'T HAPPEN OFTEN, BUT once in a while Congress passes a law that doesn't cost taxpayers a dime yet turns out to be a really good deal for all sorts of people. Example: a set of provisions buried in the Kennedy-Kassebaum health care bill that President Clinton signed into law last August.

The provisions in question allow small-business workers and the self-employed—the two fastest-growing segments of the labor force—to create medical savings accounts. Even if you're classically ill and routinely run up thousands of dollars in medical bills, MSAs are likely to cut your health-care costs substantially—from day one—while passing thousands of unshelved dollars into your hands to spend as you wish on medical care.



The law authorizes MSAs for the first person self-employed or small-business workers who sign up after January 1, 1997. The idea is to test whether MSAs will work as well as supporters claim, or whether they will reward the well-off while squeezing the barely healthy away from existing health care systems, as critics contend.

Either way, the law will benefit those individuals who get in on the action before the window of opportunity shuts shut. As written, the law requires that the Treasury Department halt the opening of new accounts next September if the threshold has been passed in the meantime.

But the law also states that once you open an MSA, you'll be entitled to keep it for life—even if the overall program is modified, scaled back, or scrapped entirely. Moreover, because the legislation contains what amounts to an eight-month window before the September cutoff, millions of people could climb aboard—and once they're on the boat, the low probability there from being thrown over the side.

Basically, MSAs are IRAs for medical bills. You contribute up to

\$2,500 (or \$5,000 for a family) a year to an MSA that you should soon be able to open at almost any bank. An amount equal to whatever you deposit can be deducted from your taxable income just as an IRA deposit is deductible. If you're the head of a family and in the 21 percent tax bracket, an MSA can cut your annual federal income tax by \$495 simply by your opening an account.

Under the rules, anyone with a family MSA must also take out a commercial health-insurance policy with a deductible no more than 15 percent greater than the money in the MSA at the start of the calendar year (54 percent for an individual policy). You can shop for such a policy by phoning around to insurance agents. Some companies, such as Golden Rule Insurance, will not only sell you the policy but will create your MSA. In that case, you'll mail one monthly check for both your MSA deposit and your insurance premium. Small businesses with fifty or fewer employees can also provide MSAs for their workers; the company funds the high deductible policy and the individual employees set up their MSAs and take the tax deduction.

Whichever method you choose, you'll use the money in your MSA to pay minor medical expenses—rings to the doctor's office for a urinalysis because aches, say—while the high deductible policy covers emergencies—an appendectomy, for example.

Some insurance carriers, including Golden Rule, will provide you with a checking account on your MSA to pay the small bills. Others, such as First Insurance of Milwaukee, will ask you to pay your bills up front, then submit a claim for reimbursement from your MSA funds. In any case, since the company will be holding your MSA funds in escrow, you'll want to check to favor out rating as well. Choose only an A-rated (or better) underwriter.

Today, more than twenty-five million of us work for ourselves. If you do, 40 percent of the cost of your health-insurance policy becomes tax deductible beginning this year—up from 30 percent last year. Rough: Any self-employed worker in the 26 percent tax bracket who spends, say, \$5,000 annually for a family policy with a \$4,500 deductible would have his taxes reduced by \$100.

In 1997, the tax deduction will begin rising in steps to 30 percent in 2000, meaning that the policy will ultimately wind up costing only \$4,200.

Here's how the numbers work. Say a forty-year-old self-employed male living in Virginia—a typical state for health-insurance purposes—has a wife and two kids (the maximum allowed a single person). Let's further say it's backed up by a policy with a \$4,500 deductible that puts up all medical costs beyond \$4,500 (the maximum deductible permitted under the law). That fellow's out-of-pocket medical expenses cannot exceed \$2,500 (plus after taxes for the insurance policy, \$2,500 after taxes for the MSA contribution, and \$250 to cover the gap between the money in the MSA and the kick-in point for the backup policy).

For a single male, equivalent coverage was a typical \$600-deductible policy requires a comparable yearly outlay. For a family, though, it's another \$2,000. Since the policy normally includes 50-to-80 percent provisions, they pay 30 percent of expenses even after the deductible is met. That continues until \$5,000 or so of expenses is reached; after that, the company pays 100 percent. But it gets worse: Insurance companies typically require each person covered under a nongroup policy to meet the deductible and co-payment thresholds before receiving 80 percent coverage.

Consider a \$4,500-deductible MSA for a three-person family in Virginia. This plan would cost, bottom line, \$1,750 to provide 100 percent insurance coverage for each family member (plus after taxes for the policy, \$450 after taxes for the MSA, and \$250 for the gap between the amount in the MSA and the start of 100 percent coverage by the policy). By contrast, a \$600-deductible policy from, say, Washington National would cost

\$1,600 (plus after taxes for the policy, \$450 for the deductible for each family member, and \$3,000 in co-payments for each family member). If you're insuring a family would you rather spend \$1,750 or \$1,600 for medical coverage?

But the real advantage of MSAs is that they allow you, the patient—and not the insurance company—to reap the benefits of not rushing to the doctor every time you sneeze.

Consider the two scenarios above. Under that conventional policy with the \$600 deductible, a family of three would pay \$2,000 a year in premiums whether or not they file a single claim. But if you don't withdraw any money from your MSA, the MSA would accumulate interest and at year's end simply roll over into the next calendar year. If you spend MSA funds on non-medical costs, you'll get charged with a 15 percent penalty by the IRS.)

The arithmetic that results from this add-on is amazing. If you contribute \$250 a year to an MSA that pays 5 percent interest and withdraws half of it (25%) for medical expenses annually, you'll have \$250 in the account at the end of five years. That's money that, in effect, goes to you instead of your insurance company for having been careful in your health-care spending.

For a young family that can use an MSA sparingly, impressive sums will eventually accumulate. It's impossible to say just how much, because no one can know when a serious illness or accident will strike. But averaged out over twenty-five years, payments into an MSA should mean a medical-expense save-off of \$5,000-plus—more than enough, when coupled with a high-deductible policy, to offset the cost of almost any life-like medical ordeal.

In sum, this is one of those rare occasions when a reasonably young and reasonably healthy—person can solve a problem that otherwise seems certain to grow worse as the family grows. How to acquire affordable medical insurance. So just go get yourself an MSA, and get the health-care monkey off your back once and for all. Enough said. ■

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IT SLEEPS ALONE



A FRUGAL AND ANONYMOUS SCOT, LONG YEARS AGO, observed that the coldest water which had been used for bracing sherry, port, or madeira into the country, might be employed thereafter to sustain male vitality.

A PRIME NOTION IT TURNED OUT TO BE. The scots (particularly those that had contained sherry) imparted both a lustrous golden color and a beguiling hint of redness to the malt.

SO SUCCESSFUL WAS THE PRACTICE, in fact, that soon all the malt whistles (among them The Macallan) were entered in this way.

But time passed.

SHERRY CASKS ONCE TO BE HAD FOR A FEW PENCE NOW COST SCOTCH OF POUNDS. And first one malt estate another (first) heart seized for more expedient alternatives, with the result that today The Macallan is the last malt whisky to be exclusively so matured. However...

A PROPUSION OF OPTIMUM RATINGS IN SUNDAY BLIND TASTINGS of top malts has convinced us of the wisdom of our solitary course. Putting it another way, you might say **GAT OUTRAN IT NEAR PRINCE**.

THE MACALLAN. THE SINGLE MALT SCOTCH.

THE MACALLAN Single Malt Scotch Whisky is distilled from 100% malted barley in the town of Duff, Scotland. It is bottled at 40% alc/vol (80 proof). © 1997 The Macallan Distillers Ltd. All rights reserved.

It is written that some achieve dubiousity, some have dubiousity rammed up the wazoo, and some, a lucky, lucky few, are born under a dubious star—literally in the case of Lourdes Maria Ciccone Leon, infant daughter of Madonna, and figuratively for the soon-to-be-released Michael Jackson Jr. (Frankly, if M & M wanted offspring, why

POOR BABY OF THE YEAR!
HE'S HOPING FOR A TIERNANE BOY

Michael Jackson announced that he and three-year-old son Prince were going to have a baby. Said Jackson: "I am terrified that I will soon be a father and am looking forward, with great anticipation, to having this child."



MIRACLE BABY OF THE YEAR!

SHY'S ALREADY BEING TALKED BY CHARLIE DICKINSON

Dr. Paul Flann, father of Hollywood madonnas Heidi Flann, became Madonna's pediatrician and revealed that she gave birth to a non-pregnant-come-girl named Lourdes Maria Ciccone Leon.

BIG BABY OF THE YEAR!



AS ROGER ANGELL DISCOVERED IT IN THE NEW YORKER'S SPECIAL DOUBLE ISSUE, "GLEANINGS IN THE CORPUSCULUM ARE, THE GUY KNOWS WHO'S FINGERING LIKE A HOT WHOREN ANGRAGER, THEN APPROVED INTO A PINK, RADIANT RUST, ORANGE BROWN, BARELY HAD FINGERING A COMPLEXITY OF CHIMNEY BEHIND THE BRACK OF OTHER SPOTS"

During an argument over a coffee shop, Roberto Alvarez of the Baltimore Orioles got on the face of umpire John Hirschback.

GIVE-IT-TO-ME BABY OF THE YEAR!

IF ALL STARTED TO FILL APART WHEN STD-WARD PREGNANT FROM SNEAKING DOWNER ON HIS LIPS

Presidential adviser Dick Morris resigned amid allegations that he had a yearlong affair with prostitute Sherry Matthews. According to Matthews, Morris had a foot fetish and got aroused rubbing her toes, licking her feet, and having her rub her face on his face, chest, and breasts, pressing as hard as she could.

REALLY BIG BABY OF THE YEAR!



IN AN INTERVIEW WITH THE NEW YORK Daily News, Laura Sternbach, mother of eighteen-month-old Zack Sternbach, a three-foot-tall, sixty-eight-pound baby who wears adult diapers, said, "At the park, other kids say, 'Look at that giant baby,' and they get him like a little animal."

IN AN INTERVIEW WITH THE NEW YORK Daily News, Laura Sternbach, mother of eighteen-month-old Zack Sternbach, a three-foot-tall, sixty-eight-pound baby who wears adult diapers, said, "At the park, other kids say, 'Look at that giant baby,' and they get him like a little animal."



SORE LOSER OF THE YEAR!

AFTER ALL, IT'S NEVER OVER TILL THE FAT DROOLER HORN SINGS

A half hour after the Dole campaign conceded the election, he still issued a statement declaring that Dole had "sponsored nothing."



BROADWAY BABY OF THE YEAR!

WHO CARES? WE HAVEN'T BEEN BACK TO BROADWAY SINCE JEE PISPOPO LEFT THE CAST OF GREASE!

Jesse Andrews reported her Tony nomination for Best Actress in a Musical because she wants someone to help to nominate any other members of the Pissopop/Vicodin cast.



SORE WINNER OF THE YEAR!

THE FIRST TWO REMOVED ARE THE HONORABLE

James St. Chase set a world record for sexual partners in one day by having sex with three hundred men in twelve hours.



DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS of '96



TO LIVE "OFF THE GRID," you need a sunny, well-drained patch of soil for a garden, plenty of crops for composting—and a slight-in-22. Once you've had Kaczynski's five-minute rabbit stew (recipe, page 477), he swears, everything else seems like airline food.

"PREPARE TO BE BLOWN AWAY"—that was Ted Kaczynski's invitation, reluctantly hand-yped on three-hole punched paper, when we asked to visit him at his remote retreat in Montana's remote Black Powder Mountains. It is hard to imagine a more appropriate setting for Professor Kaczynski's hobby of collecting old phone books, university dissertations, and corporate annual reports than this rugged, brooding landscape, where the visitor gets the eerie feeling of being watched from behind every towering pine tree and even the chirping of gnatcatchers in the nearby meadow sounds unnaturally like the whist of a distant helicopter.

The cabin, hand-built by Kaczynski of rough-hewn timbers, fluted cardboard boxes, and old bicycle parts, was inspired by a short story by L. Ron Hubbard in a 1953 issue of *Amazing Science Fiction*, but Kaczynski's interpretation—there are, for example, no windows—evokes the stark, misanthropic of a worker's barrel on the outskirts of Mexico City or Lagos. The gods were simplicity, efficiency, and, above all, security for Professor Kaczynski's passion collection of manual typewriters. Here, a few scotch marmalade and acid spills highlight a floor of warped tropical plywood; there, a domestic array of crumpled, springs, fans, and wires thins a shelf with the tools Professor Kaczynski uses to carve his exquisite miniature hardwood reproductions of *Vietnam-era* and personal machines. It's a hobby not to everyone's taste, but here it seems almost... (please turn to page 537)

INTERIOR: JEREMY MCKINLEY



In a World of His Own

Natural materials and plenty

of storage space: TED KACZYNSKI'S charming Montana cabin is packed full of surprises.

SACKS OF FERTILIZER stake a comfortable sense on which to curl up with a treatise on the corruption of modern industrial society. Like many writers, Kaczynski, whose work has appeared in *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*, prefers his old manual typewriters to a word processor—more if it means mending and re-inking the ribbons by hand.



KACZYNSKI DID HIS OWN INTERIOR DESIGN, creating decorative accents from everyday objects such as firearms. The natural-wood wall treatment is easy to maintain and expresses his abhorrence of the alienating and debauching effects of so-called civilization.

REFRESHING THE INNER JUICE

A six-step plan for the spiritual healing of one troubled yet uniquely self-satisfied individual



1. YOU CANNOT BECOME FRAGRANT, AND CENTERED MYSELF BY WORKING IN YOUR EXISTENTIAL ENVIRONMENT—THOUGH IT CAN HELP YOU GET BY THE GLAMOUR

According to the book *American Tragedy*, O.J. Simpson's defense team removed all aspects of white people from his Blackwood home and replaced them with images of black people shortly before the jury in his criminal case came to trial.

2. IF YOUR MACHOPHORE INNER CHILD HAS BEEN REJECTED, YOU LOSE, YOU MUST LET HIM GO TO PLAY

Robert McGarth, an eighteen-year-old neuroscience intern, observed O.J. Simpson's sexual harassment during his last visit by embracing his "faking up" and "faking down" him to a subconscious self-attraction.

3. NOW YOU'RE MAKING PROGRESS LET GO OF THE FAME! LET GO OF PAUL PETERSON LET GO OF BEING THOUGHTFUL AND FIVE BEAVERS SAME, LET GO OF THAT KNIFE!

O.J. Simpson said "I'm a realist. I take pride in the fact that when I walk a crowded place I don't let it go to my head. Now that I'm somewhat infamous I must take that to heart."

4. THE MOST ESTIMATED YOUNGSTER FROM ANY NEGOTIATION, COOPERATION RELATIONSHIP—EVEN IF IT'S WITH 250 MILLION IMMIGRANT PEOPLE

Admitted that he is still popular O.J. Simpson said, "I don't believe there's an American outside of maybe Italy (Gotham or whatever), that has gotten more love from America than I have."

5. REMEMBER THE EMPLOYMENT WORDS BY THE GREAT TEACHER DRIVING RAGLE "TO THINK OWN FEET BE TRUE"

Defending himself during a civil trial deposition O.J. Simpson said "The shoes they had in court, that's involved in this case. I could have never seen those ugly old shoes. Awkwardly, I felt they were ugly."

6. AND AN IMMENSE VIOLENCE PLACE ACHING COMBUSTION, IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED

Robert Kardashian revealed that during the white-Bonito chase O.J. Simpson put a loaded gun in his hand and pulled the trigger but the gun didn't go off.



ALSO, LOSE THE GREY MONTMON

Candice Parker-Bowles' head as severe medication who advised her to wear shorter skirts, get a new haircut, and work on her smile.



THINGS OUT IT WAS JUST CUNILLA PAPERBOWLS AFTER HER MARRIAGE

The Traci Aron, a gigolo and misadventure flower, blossomed in London for the first time in thirty-three years. Roseanne Peter Boyce Moore's ex-husband "fired" into the beach with a small edge of housing, eager moved with your usual of wine and narcotics.

IF THAT DOESN'T WORK, THEY CALL FURTHER REFORMATION

Remember in Germany created a national police whose cells kill themselves if attacked by a police force.

AND, ANGLER

Responding to accusations of marital infidelity, Dallas Cowboys cornerback Deion Sanders asked, "When you say I committed adultery, are you implying before the marriage of 1996, or just 1997?"

REMEMBER, CHANGES MUST TO PREVENT FASTER WHEN TEACHED WITH TEXAS SUPER PREMIUM UNLEADED

Several small Texas engravings and more than during a typical wedding to know the destruction of potentially to-contrasting documents, a lawsuit deemed said one of them, Richard Lowndes, "All the black employees were in the glad to the house of the dog."



EVEN MORE INNER CHILD WAS HIS BROTHER TO SHARE AND NEW ARMY LEVIN

Placed to discontinue because of the company's merger with Time Warner Ted Turner fired his son Teddy, telling him, "You're lost... It's good for the company, and it's good for you. In the short run, it's a loss, a little painful."



WHO ADVISED HER TO GET A GOOD CRIMINAL LAWYER

According to the book *The Choice*, during investigation "surveys" with Ann Houston, Hilary Clinton conversed with Eleanor Roosevelt.

AND MAYBE SHODDY SHALOS

The Choice also revealed that Ann Houston told Hilary Clinton that the hardest she was carrying was caused in history only to John of Arc's

JUNQUE

More than a fragrance . . .
it's an addiction

IT PAYS TO BE DUBIOUS!

Each year, a select number of worthy individuals merit recognition within these pages. Aside from the sheer honor, they often receive nothing more for their accomplishments than society's ridicule, the occasional sucking chest wound, or a richly deserved stint at Allenwood. But 1996 witnessed the advent of a new, special breed of Dubious Achiever. Somehow, these bold pioneers have actually managed to benefit from their foolish, mendacious, or, in some cases, horrifying behavior. They have cashed in, big! So read these inspiring tales, and maybe you, too, can become one of the . . .

DUBIOUS OVERACHIEVERS OF THE YEAR!

DENNIS RODMAN—Queen of the Court



PLACING HER DENIOWARE BETWEEN KERRI STRUG AND CHARLIE TAYN

Describing a sexual encounter with Madonna in her book, *Real as I Wanna Be*, Rodman wrote: "She wasn't an escort, but she wasn't a dead fish, either."

WHY CAN A GUY BEH THIRTY?

Asked what place he had for the future, Rodman said: "I'd love to do a L'Oréal commercial where I have my legs scarred. I want to do female things that will make people be like 'Oh, shit.'"

HER GURIOUS TENDRILS, DENNIS'S DISGUISE

PAMELA ANDERSON LEE—It's Not Just Her . . .



"IT ALL BEGAN IN A SMALL SALVAGE FACTORY IN GENEVIEVE HILLS . . ."

An outcast for Pamela Anderson Lee's autobiography, *Pam-*

Anderson included a chapter titled "The History of My Book."

HE WAS LATER SEEN TALKING STRAINED TENSE NARR AT MATSUSHITA WITH HIS FOUR-YEAR-OLD AGENT

Brandon Lee, the infant son of Francis Lee, was paid \$50,000 to portray a baby strangled on the beach on *Baywatch*.

HE FURNISHED YOUR PUNCHES (NEVERMORE YOU)

Two days meeting her husband-to-be, Timothy Lee (Francis Lee was, "We were on *How I Met Your Mother*"), she came up, grabbed me and asked my friend: "I thought he was a nice guy and gave me my phone number."

THAT'S HOW WE GOT THROUGH BAMP BURE

In an interview with London's *Sunday Times*, Pamela Lee described how she made it through her pregnancy, saying, "Taking love at the morning get me through morning sickness—I found I could be happy and throw up at the same time."

HER DANGEROUS DENIAL:



AS LONG AS YOU HAVE LOVE

In her autobiography, *An Unusually Nice Woman*, publisher Larry Flynt wrote: "My office is now status above Beverly Hills. I sit in a gold-plated wheelchair in custom-made clothes. I am flanked by two prosthetic Tiffany lamps. My bathroom is downtown. The next on this trifling is my own My Hollywood Hills, once in a few miles west My Hollywood get and crew are ready to take me anywhere. I am only fifty-three. But was a work of?"

HE GUARANTEES A SECOND COMING

Flynt's memoir recounted a meeting with Jimmy Carter's last cabinet, evangelist, Keith Carter. She stated, to which she confessed to fantasizing about making love with Jesus.

PLAYING IN THE MOORE BY GINA GERSON

Flynt also revealed that she once had sex with a chicken.



HER DANGEROUS DENIAL: TENDRILS BEHIND AND THINGS

KATIE LEE SPENDING—Even Fags in Action



TWO OUT OF THREE WOMEN FOR US

Refusing to report that her Web-Master clothing line is pro-

duced by transgenders in Hollywood restaurants, Katie Lee Clifford said, "If you can say I'm ugly, you can say I'm not talented, but when you say I don't care about children and will cashed them for some sort of money pit—how dare you!"

HER DANGEROUS DENIAL: THE KATIE LEE SPENDING COLLECTOR AT THE HART



JANET COOKE—The Greatest Story Ever Told



REVEALING FOR THE FIRST TIME, HER QUICKIE MARRIAGE TO JIM JIM, HER WEDDING AGAIN TO THE GERMAN SHIPPER IN SHARKEN, AND THE AMAZING SACK OF NEW SEX STUNNED AWAY ON APRIL 13. Former Washington Post reporter Janet Cooke, who was forced to return a Pulitzer prize in 1981 when it was revealed that she had fabricated her story about an eight-year-old heroin addict named Jimmy, sold the film rights to her life story.

HER DANGEROUS DENIAL: STUNNED

GANDY HILL PITTMAN—Not to Mention Right Enough



AND THEN THE SURVIVORS ALL WENT TO CLAIRES

Before embarking on a Mount Everest expedition during which eight people died, notable Gandy Hill Pitman wrote in her diary: "All my personal stuff is packed. I wouldn't dream of leaving town without an ample supply of Deen & DeLaur's Most Tantalizing and my aspirator maker."

HER GURIOUS DENIAL: LYING



JEFF MAIER—Being, Being—Not What a Mountain



SOMEWHERE UP THERE, GUY MATTER AND THE MUG ARE LAUGHING THEIR ASSES OFF

Twelve-year-old Jeff Maier of Old Tappan, New Jersey, revealed that play from the right-field stands to catch a Derek Jeter fly ball in the eighth inning of game one of the American League Championship Series, and the ball was declared a home run.

JACQUELINE KENNEDY ONASIS—Being, Being, Being



APPARENTLY, THEY WERE HOUSE OF OUR OWNERS

During the Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis auction at Sotheby's, several bundles of her old magazines, including *Time*, *Life*, *Newsweek*, and *Reader's Digest*, were sold for \$12,000.

HER DANGEROUS DENIAL: 100'S MILLION



FORGET THE RIGERALL CARD—INFORMATION TO DENY MCCOY



HIS DANGEROUS DENIAL: GUEST SPOTS IN GOOD MORNING AMERICA AND LIVE WITH JESSIE A GAYNE LIFE PLUS FOUR FOR HARRY TIGHTS



JOE KLEIN—
Dad, Prince of Politics



YOU TELL 'EM, JOE, WE'RE WITH YOU

When asked in an interview with CBS News if he was Anonymous, the author of *Primary Colors* Joe Klein said, "It's not me. I didn't do it. This is just."

WELL, THAT SOUNDS IT FOR US

In an interview with *The New York Times* Joe Klein said, "For God's sake, definitely I didn't write it."

WHY ARE YOU HONORING THIS POOR MAN AND GIVING A CRYSTAL LINE RICHARD JEWELL A FREE RIDE?

Asked who wrote *Primary Colors*, Joe Klein replied, "From the moment I read that book, I realized that whoever wrote it was a very close reader of my column and probably watched me on TV a lot and may even have been watching *The Untouchables*."

NARCISO EXPOSE—
Doing London, setting dogs



IT'S THAT KIND OF CONSPIRACY THAT MADE HIM THE FIRST FORNAT OF PLANT STORY

When asked by *The Washington Post* if he thought Joe Klein had done anything wrong by denying authorship of *Primary Colors*, Narciso Exposé responded, "Harold Evans responded,

GOOD GOOD! GOOD JOE, YOU UNREASONABLE SCORPS

When asked by *The Washington Post* if he would be willing to stake his journalistic credibility on his denial of authorship of *Primary Colors*, Joe Klein said, "The selling you, I don't write it."

IS THERE NO ID TO THIS PERFECT-GUY WHIP HEAD, NARCISOUS UNBOUNDED?

Responding to a New York magazine article that used computer prose analysis to identify him as the author of *Primary Colors* Joe Klein said that the editors "threw the wrong computer and the wrong aspect. They probably should have had the one playing Gary Kasper."

WELL, YOU COULD HAVE PICKED US

One day after *The Washington Post* and *Washington Post* to show he was Anonymous, Joe Klein admitted he wrote *Primary Colors*.

HEY, ANY FUTURE OF JOES IS A FRIEND OF JOES

Despite knowing that Joe Klein was the author of *Primary Colors*, *New York Times* editor Margaret Parker allowed his magazine to run an item by Roarkia Altyer speculating that Lorne Greene, a former *Casino* guest, was Anonymous.

"I think you ought to apologize for having treated me the author."

IN THE SAME SENSE THAT STRUTTING WAS AN EXPRESSION OF THE DISAPPEARANCE OF BARK IN WESTERN CULTURE

Denouncing the \$2.5 million fee paid for Dick Morris's column, Evans said, "This is not a book about a well-gal but the government of America and the White House and other important subjects."

LEAVE COLOR AND ALMA POUND OUT OF ENDS

Defending his de-

AFTER THIRTY YEARS IN THE BUSINESS, YOUR CREDIBILITY IS BEYOND REPAIR—UNLIKE THAT RICHARD JEWELL

The week after admitting he was Anonymous, Joe Klein wrote in *Newweek*, "I figured no one would believe my denial. Friends, colleagues, and you would say, 'Awww, c'mon, Joe, it's you. No question. Don't hang noodles on our ears.' And with that, it was over."

YOU DON'T HAVE TO OUTFER YOURSELF TO US—YOU'RE THE MOST RECORDED JEWELLER ADVERTISER NEXT TO COLOMBI BACKPAIN

Asked how he planned to deal with the media's reaction to his announcement that he was Anonymous, Joe Klein said, "Everything I'm doing now will be more difficult than going into Bed-Stuy or Harlem in the summer of 1969."

OH, WHAT OF ALBERTO, THE SELF-DECEIVING, SARCASM-DRIVEN WARRIOR

Joe Klein claimed that his denial would actually help him cultivate future news sources, saying that people would see him as someone who "can keep a secret."

HE SURELY REMAINS IN MILLION AND A JOE AT THE NEW YORKER

After publishing books by people whose sex lives I disapproved of, I'd have no books at all."

HIS DARING STAFFING



DICK MORRIS
DODGERS ACCUMULATED
MAN OF THE YEAR



AFTERWARD, SHE COULDN'T HAVE SEEN FOR THREE MONTHS

Prostitute Sherry Rowlands, who had a scorching affair with presidential adviser Dick Morris, claimed that he let her stand on phone calls with President Clinton and allowed her to see Hillary Clinton's and Al Gore's speeches to the Democratic convention before they were delivered.

HE OBVIOUSLY NEVER WORKER FOR BUREAU HUSBAND

Rowlands also said that during a liaison with Dick Morris, "he was in all forms like a dog" when he looked up and said, "Only you could get someone on the floor under your feet."

BUT IT WAS THE MISHAP OF THE END WHEN HE SEEMED CAUGHT CHELSEA "FOUR"

According to Rowlands' Dick Morris referred to the president as "the Monkey," the First Lady as "the Tumbler," and George Stephanopoulos as "Stumpy."

SHE MUST HAVE A WHOLE CLEVERFUL OF SOME SPARKS

Days after the Rowlands story broke, it was reported that Dick Morris had had a three-year relationship with Barbara Ann Phillips of Austin, Texas, and in the midst of her 42-year-old child.

WE'RE LIKE TO THINK HE WAS TALKING ABOUT ANNOUS HUSBAND

Sherry Rowlands's dossier revealed that Dick Morris and Newt Gingrich is "intelligent and a very person—and he has a very large sexual drive."

THAT'S THE LAST TIME ANYONE EVER ASKED HIM FOR A DATE OF HIS BIG MAC

Rowlands's dossier also claimed that when Bill Clinton was governor of Arkansas, he body-slapped Dick Morris during an argument, sent him to the ground, and was about to punch Morris when Hillary Clinton stopped him.

WELL, YOU JUST GOT BACK, RELAX, AND OPEN YOUR MOUTH, MR. MORRIS, AND WE'LL TRY TO REMOVE MISS ROWLANDS' FEET FROM YOUR MOUTH

According to an article in *Newweek*, while making a visit to his daughter's office, Dick Morris was demanded to be put at the head of the line, claiming that he was "running the country."

BUT WAS HE STANDING TO THE FRONT?

During an evening during which Dick Morris did his signature dance, Sherry Rowlands revealed that Morris stepped down to his underwear, put "his hand on his forehead and the other one behind him, and he did the little dance with it.... It looked like he was having an epileptic fit."

IT PLAYED WELL WITH THE FOCUS GROUP, BUT ...

Fourty-eight hours after the first time after his resignation, Dick Morris said, "I love my wife, and we're in love."

... MISS MORRIS HAD THOUGHT SCORING ON MESSAGE

When asked about her decision to sleep with her husband, Dick Morris, Edna McGowan admitted, "Sometimes I think about ditching him, and good friends have offered to help me dig up the backyard and bury him."

WE MAY NOT KNOW DOCK, BUT WE KNOW WHAT YOU DON'T LIKE

In an interview with *Newweek*, Edna McGowan admitted, "We were in the middle of a terrible, terrible invasion, and that seems to get lost in the overanalysis of people who don't know me and don't know Dick."

HIS DODGERS REMAINED A TACKLE OF SHERIDY AFTER DINNER

UNUSUAL ACCUMULATED EXCLUSIVE!
The First Sockless Photo of Sherry Rowlands!



MEET THE HUNKYMOONERS!



Amy Carter and Jim Westcott

OH, WAS HE SURPRISED WHEN E. J. SMILED AT

Roger Moore smiled as an actor in the *Dick* copaganda said allegations that he and his wife, Nicole, played ads as teenage assassins, asking "suspect(s) if, assassin, well-known com. Star's 4800-24-36, he's 195 lbs., blond, assassin. Prefer military, bodybuilders, jocks. No smokers or fat, please."

BUT HE WAS A LITTLE HEAVY AND HAD NO MILITARY EXPERIENCE

During an experience as President (eventually, Roger Moore moved President Clinton of talking on his wife, Nicole, at Robert Moore's funeral).



HER HAPPINESS HAS EVERY CHANCED CONTINUING AS LONG AS SHE STAYS ON TOP

Decoding his offer with his twenty-six-year-old secretary, Nicoletta Melonzo, Luciano Pavarotti said, "Nicolaids and I are very happy, in you can see. To be a or doing it would be a crime. She is my favorite of my boys."



... WHO, THEMAGALLY, USED IT WHILE TRYING IT ON FOR SIZE

Explaining why a Police Beach police officer discovered Mrs. Maple Trump and his "sandy and roughed" on a bench together, Trump's thirty-first-year-old bodyguard, Spencer Wagner, said he was standing watch while she "made an emergency pit stop."

WHENEVER A NEW HOURS WITH DICK MOORE WOULD HAVE DONE THE JOB

Revere Beach of Mexico, Federico, fired a 419-page shotgun at her face to remove a callus.



AT LAST, GENERAL PATTON, YOU'RE NO LONGER IN THE ARMY

Author George C. Smith was accused of sexually harassing his twenty-six-year-old assistant, Julie Wright. Wright said that Smith told her to "get her and said to her, 'I just want to make you' and 'I want you to have my baby'."

THAT WOULD BE OPENING ON WHITNEY HAD THE HUNKYMOONERS

The Thompson Beach, Pavarotti Beach investigated former French Pavarotti for rubbing a concoction of cayenne pepper and other stimulants around his "heroin" genital and women to enhance performance. Defending the prosecution, Pavarotti said it was "no different than Whiskey Ford being too gay."

COMPOUND: USE THE KIDS AS HUMAN SHIELDS! AND DON'T FORGET TO TAKE YOUR MEDICATION!

BARBICORGE THE

HOW IF HE COULD ONLY GET HIM OF TED AND JUNE
The President, a heavily armed paramilitary group wanted by authorities for getting him and his family to kill a Native judge, wanted to leave a 1980s ranch near the Nevada. Moore, for eighty-one days before surrendering to the FBI.

HE HAD NO BUSINESS BEING ON FEDERAL LAND

Robert Dornheim, a one-armed mother's victim, paid off police for thirty-two hours, lived at their with his assistant wife after criminal officials in Billings, Montana, demanded that he hand over fifteen pit rats.

WAS THERE SOMETHING WRONG, GUY, WITH YOUR OUTSTANDING PUMPKIN POTTER SERVED AT HOME TRAVELER IN AN AUTHENTIC WOODEN SCHÖNBERG?

Montana tractor Robert Maud Jr. allegedly took two men hostage.



NOW PLAYING AT THE HELL PLAZA OCTOPOL



COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE WHEN THE COUSIN WENT HAPPY TO GIVE HIM

After her divorce from Prince Charles, Princess Diana's aide used to say (regard) at a London department store when she tried to buy two lipsticks for thirty-seven dollars.

HAD-CON STAGE FULLY STRIPS THE OTHER UPPER-CHIN

According to a friend, Princess Diana reacted to an extraordinary picture of her legs by saying, "I have not got a problem. It was just some say legs from the brother we sent and a truck of the light."

AT LEAST IT WOULD BECOME IN SENIOR ISLAND-BEARABLE

Days before delivering the keynote address at the Raytheon conference, Representative Susan Molinari admitted that she had had during a 1992 interview when she claimed she had never smoked marijuana.

WHY WASN'T JIM AT THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION?

Dan, May of Chafetz, West Virginia, filed a lawsuit against the manufacturer of the pill over his husband was riding in when he fell and died of an aneurysm during a golf tournament. Mrs. May, who claimed the golf course to have had not been and done, also said her son, who was driving.

WELL, WE'D IT FOR D. A

Noting that Bob Dole was twenty-three points behind in the polls, Christian Coalition founder Pat Robertson told his group, "The way personal opinion, there's got to be a miracle from Almighty God to pull it over, and that could happen."



NOW, WITH THE FORD FORD POSITION, YOU WOULD TWO LIPSTICKS AND A LEATHER CAR SHOT

South Foreman's former psychic, Melissa Vaseo, claimed the Duchess of York gave Princess Diana "a lesson," revealing her "experiments with delicate positions," and once stepped naked to Connecticut to use a sex aid.

BUT HE STILL WON'T SHARE A ROOMER WITH LARRY TSON

60 Minutes anchorman Mike Wallace admitted in an interview that he had smoked marijuana occasionally and that a "bad" Hollywood insurance that was not expensive.



THAT WAS NO FAN, THAT WAS GEESE FUGGER

Trying to discourage New York Yankee fans from running into the field during the World Series, Mayor Rudolph Giuliani said, "It gives a poor image of the city" and "Some of these people who run on the field are very large, very fat, a liability."

SHE WAS LATELY DENIED DOWN BY A GUY OF SEVEN PM IMPERMISSIBLES

A 121-year-old French woman, believed to be the world's oldest living person, released a last-wish say allow called *Metron of Time*.

AND AS WE ALL KNOW, GOD WENTH APPEARED IN CHARGE WITH JOHN TRAPPIA, WHO APPEARED IN SEVENTH ADEPH WITH CHRISTIAN SLAYER, WHO APPEARED IN JUNE IN THE FIRST WITH ROYAL RACON

In his book, *Kissin' No More*, actor Todd Breen, who played Koolha on *77 Sunset Strip*, recalled a message it took to hook part with actor Roger Moore. According to Breen, when the understated actress got under the covers, Moore wanted to have and said, "Go ahead, old boy, you best."

THE ONLY DOWNSIDE IS WAITING TWO HOURS FOR IT TO DRY

Karl Mackleberry of Austria recreated a liquid latex costume. The costume is applied with a penbrush in a straight line.



OF COURSE, WHEN HUGHES HADREN'S IN TOWN, THEY DO IT "KIDNAP STYLE"

When asked in an interview for her favorite animal passion, said Rosemont, fifty-year-old mother of Drew, said, "Some times I like to do Tamas and Jaws" as a doggy style.

alas, poor ke nneth!

He's been called the new Olivier, the next Burton. He's made Shakespeare hip for the masses and now has a much-anticipated film of *Hamlet* on the way. So what's bugging Kenneth Branagh? That is the question. By Elizabeth Kaye



Sex of brother: "It wouldn't matter if I was in a bar in Australia with two cats and a dog. I'd still have these read, turbulent feelings."



Gary Busey
Frankenstein as the movie's
introductory tell-tale.

WHEN THE FILMING BEGINS, HE HAS SO MUCH riding on it. Too much for anyone whose immediate ambitions include remaining sane. At stake are his credibility, his future, his claim to stardom, his hope of securing a reputation as anything other than that over-the-top actor who used to be married to Emma Thompson. It is not something he can afford to think about, so he tries to ignore it, and ignoring it reassures him that you don't have to think about something to panic about it.

Frankenstein is not the first Shakespearean work that Kenneth Branagh has acted in and directed, but, previously, it was easier before. "I had the advantage then," he would say of his initial project, *Henry V*, "of truly not knowing what I was doing." In that instance, he relied on the goodwill of others, good luck, and his own reserves longer for work.

"And I had a passion for the story," he recalls. "But in terms of knowing how to execute it, I had a sort of happy ignorance about how many things could go wrong."

But nothing went wrong, and at age twenty-seven, the refugee from Billard's York Street was assured, in the words

Then came Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*: a big red-hot project whose dramatically negative reception freed once-fretting journalists to write that Branagh was losing his touch and his mind and to initiate interviews with him by saying, "You must be feeling terrible."

Two years later, he would still refer to that experience as "breasting and handfluting."

At this end of things, he would occasionally say, "I have a very specific example of how things can go wrong."

Nevertheless, he arrives at Bloomsbury Palace, in the piercing, unyielding chill of an English winter, to shoot *Frankenstein*'s exterior scenes, accompanied by a crew of eighty and a cast of five hundred.

Each morning, he awakes uneasy and edgy; his apprehensions multiplying as a driver conveys him through the snow-colored landscape and the locomotives draw nearer. Branagh knows, of course, that if he botches a film of *Frankenstein*, he can't blame it on the scope. Not that he is much for affording blame. He took the lead for *Frankenstein* entirely on himself, insisting that the final, much-maligned product was the picture he wanted to make.

But *Frankenstein* goes beyond that. It is the film he has to make, and Branagh is portraying the young Danish prince at the last point in his life that he possibly can, the age of thirty-five, halfway through, as he often points out, that biblical allotment of threescore and ten.

One day in March, Branagh gets on a black high-collared jacket, stands alone before the camera, and delivers the speech that begins: "To be or not to be..." When he started acting, his teacher cautioned that while he had the requisite passion, he had trouble locating the poetry. That is no longer the case. As he utters the best-known speech in the English language, he illuminates phrases and subtext, drawing on as much theatricality yet never compromising his basic admonition to actors, taken from Marlowe's advice to the Players: *Speak clearly and be natural*. After that, he feels a bit better. He sees a portion of the assembled film and decides it has more coherence than his panic led him to believe. Suddenly, he can feel the whole thing working.

"Though it didn't change the anxiety," he notes later,

He sees a portion of the assembled film and says, "We're on to something. But every day, I think, There must be an easy hit coming up. And there never is."

of London's *Evening Standard*, "the golden boy of British acting." And the unsurpassable progress of Ken and Eri presented the respectful British press with a couple who seemed brighter and more gifted than anyone else. So the press daily celebrated them, and it took to resolving them when they were rewarded for being brighter and more gifted with Oscar nominations, first in America, and cooperation to the Oscars. In a Britain notoriously uneasy about racism—the *emancipation's* challenge to the established order—the couple proved even easier to champion and easy than they had been to love. And as they went on to make *Dead Again*, *Rain's* *Princess*, and *Much Ado About Nothing*, with all the attendant publicity, the impression grew that the gorgeous Ken and Eri had, in the eyes of one observer, "trailed their gorgeousness down the public's throat."

"You turn it around. You get more genuine confidence about it as a base level, but then you start worrying about maintaining it."

"You have something rather good here," he begins telling himself. "Don't fuck it up, don't fuck it up."

"We're on to something," he tells a friend. "But every day, I think, There must be an easy hit coming up. And there never is."

HE IS AN UNEXPECTEDLY ENDURING FIGURE, HIS MARKS made having no bearing on the reality. Reputed to be arrogant and uncompromising, he manages to work, year after year, with the same gifted professionals—among them Sir Derek Jacobi, Sir John Gielgud, and Richard Briers—whose long-standing loyalty is absolute.



In time one will be true:
"People can be terribly suspicious. They think I'm going to turn up in black tights with a floppy white shirt and the complete works under my arm."

"He has confidence in people he hires," says his cousin, Patrick Doyle. "He wants them to have input."

"He wants us," says Michael Maloney, who portrays Laertes, "and we trust him enough to do whatever he asks." Still, knowing his reputation, Branagh takes pleasure in playing at it on the set. "I think I'll go intimidate a few people," he says one day.

"Well, we have a problem," someone tells him. "Ken," he says, suppressing a grin, "I'm very sympathetic to your problems, but push off for now."

A director's act is a kind of fleshback test, a professional fingerprint, no two of which can be the same. On Branagh's act, the supreme level of competence is matched only by the absence of irony. "Shall we do another take?" he asks his cinematographer, "even though we have two and there's actors left to accomplish? Advise me."

At other times, he jokes with the crew, lightning the mood at potentially tense moments. "You drink in the morning, don't you?" he asks a grip. "I don't have a problem with it, except for the way of your judgment."

Ever since he was in his teens, confidence and energy have been the core of Branagh's magnetic charm, leading him a director's ally and a star's fighter's gift to complement

seemant. And there was the lush Tuscany landscape, the healing sun, a story that had, as he says, "much anatomy in it," and the sense of well-being that would, in retrospect, convince him that he had never been so happy as he was then.

Three years later, in 1995, when he had made two more movies and she had made five, their marriage ended. "I have to make an appointment to see her," Branagh was quoted as saying.

"Ken is in trouble," Thompson said when asked whether they planned to have children, "his sperm are on crutches."

And as the movie following the breakup, as his new alliance with Helena Bonham Carter solidified, Branagh, who was known for dealing with his problems by turning himself into his work, began thrashing out the issue he perceived at the root of Homer: What does it take to be happy? What does it take to be a human being?

For as long as he could remember, he had been drawn to what he calls the world of make-believe as "some kind of alternative to living." And now he took to studying characters in plays and fiction, seeking to find in them the answer to a question he so often asked himself: What is the answer to someone to obtain some kind of peace of mind or acceptance, that lets you not get quite so worked up about things?

Growing up in a working-class Protestant household in Belfast, he discovered the movies, watching them on television for hours, rapt and mesmerized, bewitched by Cary Grant, Humphrey Bogart, Spencer Tracy. "I used to go around the back of the television set," he recalls, "trying to work out whether they loved death."

That world of the movies compelled him. He wanted to understand every component that went into their making, initially out of curiosity and later because that process, as opposed to the processes of real life, was subject to a pattern and logic that he could comprehend. Establishing his name in that world, he quickly realized that his core motivations were woven on the set were more complex and explicated than his interactions with people in the every-



Kenneth, second Prince: With Emma Thompson at the Privetehouse premiere last Oct. 8, 1994. "You do it first," Thompson said when asked whether they planned to have children. "His sperm are on crutches."

In the time following the breakup of his marriage, Branagh began thrashing out the issue he perceived at the root of *Hamlet*: What does it take to be a human being?

day situations that inevitably left him feeling restless. "What you need," he was told long ago by a friend, the actor Brian Blessed, "is to be stimulated by great adventures, great endeavors."

Wishmaking was precisely that for him, and the more immersed in it he became, the more he felt his unborn desire for emotions and experiences played out on the epic scale. And it was not by accident that Shakespeare's evoked universe came to mean so much to him.

"I feel it must be a big disappointment to people in life," Branagh recently told a friend. "When I'm working, I can go in and be banished in the context of taking on a great deal of impossibility and being very careful and caring for a great number of people and taking that very seriously. In life, I am duller of spirit. I'm sort of empty."

His traditional upbringing gave him a sense of the family man he ought to be. But now, his marriage over, he is beginning to think that his happiest, most absorbed hours are those spent working.

"At this end of the century, that's a tough thing to say

without feeling you're some kind of hypocrite," he says. "I'm happiest in any work." Oh, my God, what does that mean about me? Because something tells you, "Why aren't you out very consciously smiling that nose and proving that you're a complete human being?"

THE INSIDE SET ON WHICH HAMLET IS BEING FILMED IS covered from a sweeping succession of scenes spread out across two immense soundstages at Shepperton Studios. The floor, with its endless expanse of black and white squares in a chessboard pattern, is an utterance of order in a domain where everything is destined for anarchy.

Branagh works with the cinematographer to set up a shot, then stands before the camera, preparing himself for the scene as when a rugged Hamlet tells Ophelia, "We will have no more marriages."



To Brood or Not to Brood . . .

The possibilities for interpreting the character of Hamlet are endless, as the actors pictured here have only to be well. Although "the play's the thing," as he says, never underestimate the power of the player: 1. Edwin Booth, 1905; classic. 2. John Barrymore, 1922; eccentric. 3. Leslie Howard, 1936; romantic. 4. John Gielgud, 1936; poetic and—many say—definitive. 5. Alec Guinness, 1952; contemporary. 6. Laurence Olivier, 1948; modern classic. 7. Michael Redgrave, 1956; intellectual. 8. Richard Briers, 1984; ironic. 9. David Warner, 1985; rebellious. 10. Richard Chamberlain, 1988; invulnerable. 11. Nicol Williamson, 1989; angry. 12. Derek Jacobi, 1989; elegant. 13. Jodie Foster, 1989; contemporary. 14. Jodie Foster, 1989; rebellious. 15. Michael Wilton, 1990; passionate. 16. Ralph Fiennes, 1995; self-absorbing.

without feeling you're some kind of hypocrite," he says. "I'm happiest in any work." Oh, my God, what does that mean about me? Because something tells you, "Why aren't you out very consciously smiling that nose and proving that you're a complete human being?"

As an assistant director calls for silence, Branagh pauses, moving faster and faster. "I hope I remember the fucking walk," he says. "I hope I remember the fucking lines."

He continues to pace, aiming to reach the heightened emotional peak at which the scene begins, a challenge never when used by a movie star's charged atmosphere. "You have all that tension," says Branagh, "and you can just explode."

Ofina, he relies on the kind of comic intensity he describes as "just an awful, awful rock." These tricks vary with each performer. "For me," Branagh says, "it's usually to think about people you miss, people you adore who won't be there for you."

As he works, he is intently observed by the film's two cameramen, Russell Jackson of the Shakespeare Institute,

whose title is text consultant, and Hugh Crutwell, who previously spent twenty-four years as principal of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, where he became Branagh's mentor, and has since served as acting adviser on most of Branagh's films.

Seated in director's chair, dressed in corduroy and scarves, worn leather shoes, Jackson and Crutwell are gentlemen in that world's most classic and effective sense. Describing a speech as "wonderfully felicitous," considering a delivery as the best by saying, "It really never ponders," they review every aspect of each day's work, from whether it makes sense for Claudius to kneel beside the pool of blood that trickles from the dead Polonius (it doesn't make sense, but Sir Derek Jacobi is determined to do it) to whether Laertes and his sister, Ophelia, should kiss goodbye with closed eyes.

In the first scene, in which Hamlet dies, Crutwell is usually dissatisfied with Branagh's performance.

"Yes, yes, physically it's fine," he tells him, "but we still don't have the central feeling of a man who's about to die."

"Huh, I've never died before," says Branagh. "I don't know what the fuck the central feeling is."

"I didn't tell you," Crutwell replies. "It's just saying it's not there."

Branagh relies on Crutwell as he is, "a challenge" by execution of it. And at times, Crutwell malaprop Branagh's conception, as he will during the filming of the pivotal scene in which Polonius, played by the much-lauded Richard Briers, fires his daughter, Ophelia, to tell him about her relationship with Hamlet:

Ophelia is played by Kate Winslet, the twenty-year-old actress nominated for an Academy Award for her performance in *Steve and Marjorie* in the middle notes, Marjorie Winslet. Her Ophelia has a certain modernity, she imbues her with more strength and willfulness than the character is usually given.

Brough likes that interpretation. "One of the things that can go wrong with Ophelia," he says, "is for her to be too limp and submissive. And giving her spirit will separate her from fourteen-year-old girl wenching this."

Throughout the scene, Kate Winslet's Ophelia vibrates with anger and resentment. Speaking her final line, a response to Polonius's insistence that she acquiesce her relationship with Hamlet, she spits out the words, "I will obey, my lord," she says.

"Cut!" calls the assistant director.

Still in character, Kate Winslet glares at the retreating back of Polonius. "You sh--hole," she says.



► **Pardon us to play:** *Hamlet* with his love between wenching scenes, Brough, who finds it difficult to decompress, says that he has "all sorts of ideas about workaholic and on holiday to get a life."

From his seat just off the set, Hugh Crutwell frowns. "Any actor who can say 'You sh--hole' after that scene," he says quietly, "is not inhabiting Ophelia."

Brough approaches Crutwell. They huddle together, speaking softly so the others will not hear. "She's too strong," Crutwell tells him. "That girl isn't going to go mad, and she isn't going to give up Hamlet."

"Well, Kate has a very definite instinct about how it should be played," says Brough, "and I don't want to mess with it too much."

"But we must believe that she will give Hamlet up," says Crutwell. "This scene must bring her to that point."

"I want her to have a bit of spirit," says Brough.

"As long as we believe she is in an oppressed situation. She's really driven back on the ropes, and we should get that."

Winslet goes back onto the set. Brough whispers to her. She leaves, nodding. He calls for another take. Another follow-up. Each time the scene is repeated, Winslet's Ophelia becomes a little more. Again, Brough whispers to her. Gradually, she takes on the scene as it is transformed.

Now, protesting her father's overbearing tactics, Ophelia arises from her seat in the chapel's confessional, attempting to get away from him. Polonius pushes her back down into the confessional, and it is clear that she is lost.

Brough calls for another take, then another. "What you need to get a certain effect," he will say later, "is not necessarily something you can tell an actor on the first take. Of course, you have to wear what they've done it a few times and

get it into their system and they're a little more inside it."

Patience, reassuring, he provides whatever time is required to achieve the sense that Ophelia has been broken.

They play the scene again.

"I will obey, my lord," Winslet says softly.

"Perfect," says Brough. "Let's keep running," he tells the camera operator while never taking his gaze from Winslet. "All right," he tells her, his voice so hushed it is barely audible, "let's go again from the beginning."

The scene starts. Brough moves closer, watching intently.

"Once again, that last line," he says.

"I will obey, my lord," says Winslet.

"Slowly," says Brough.

"I will obey, my lord."

"Slower."

She seems mortified as the line is squeezed out.

"Once more," Brough whispers, "even though it's impossibly painful to say again."

"I will obey, my lord."

"Just close your eyes."

With her eyes shut, she whispers the line, and her Ophelia is swamped in desire and agony.

"Cut," says Brough.

He goes to her and squares her shoulders, then leans to Crutwell.

"Did you like it?" he asks.

"What did you think?" Crutwell counters.

"I liked it," Brough says with a grin. "But I was happy earlier on."

"I liked it, too," says Crutwell.

"Then go tell Kate how good it was."

Crutwell goes to Kate Winslet and cradles her in one arm. She looks small and young and distressed, she pines up at him appreciatively. "That was beautiful," he says.

Brough watches them from a discreet distance, blue eyes alight, too pleased to smile, having demonstrated what those who work with him consider his greatest strength: to bring out the utmost in everyone around him.

ACTOR TRAIL IN THE PARTICIPATION OF IDENTITY AND in his own life Brough was confronted with this matter of identity at the age of nine. It was then that his father, who worked as a painter, uprooted the family from Belling and moved it to Reading, some forty miles west of London. After this relocation, Brough lost something so fundamental that he had never noted its presence. "I didn't want the last place where I felt completely myself," he says now, "where there was no question of knowing who you were."

An isolated child, he retreated to his secret rooms to dream about the cinema, enchanted realms of film and theater. He yearned to belong to them, and once he did, recognition of his unconscious gifts would sustain him further. But only on, in England, where class lines are meant to be unbreakable, he began to realize that he was transcending the limits of the working class into which he was born. In his parents' house, there were no books, but he began to read and even to collect books by authors he liked.

"I loved seeing, for the first time in our house, a shelf with books on it," he recalls.

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soon, he was reading plays and going to the theater, where he was introduced by Derek Jacobi in *Hamlet*. It was not long before he was acting in plays at school. "It's possible," one of his teachers said, "that you could do this professionally."

With that encouragement, he began exploring how one becomes an actor.

His mother, who had never seen a play, sometimes used the phrase "I must be cruel to be kind."

"Do you know he asked her when he was fifteen, 'but you're quoting Hamlet!'"

Eight years later, he appeared as Henry V with the Bay-

wey. It was, he will say, "a relaxing experience," for he has savored the special freedom derived from confronting the ways you can lose.

If, in the wake of that disaster, the stakes were raised along with his anxiety, that is not, he is convinced, an ill-favored thing. "Maybe some part of me feels that that's where I should be," he says. "In one of those almost all-or-nothing situations where I'm very aware of the pitfalls, and you have finally a kind of helpful, ongoing struggle with the fear. Because the intensity of that fear, if in some way controlled and focused, can help the work."

"I cannot settle down," Branagh tells an old friend of his. "My mind is like one of those war charts of the solar system with all the planets whirling around."

At Shakespeare Company—the younger actor entrusted by that company with the role—giving a performance that established him as the most promising actor since Richard Burton. Eight years after that, having assumed many Shakespearean roles—including Hamlet, in a production staged by Derek Jacobi for the Renaissance Theatre Company, the group founded and directed by Branagh himself—he returned to the RSC to play Hamlet in a performance that also earned him something personal into verifiable fact.

RENNET BRANAGH HAD BECOME A STUDENT AT THE ROYAL Academy of Dramatic Arts when he was eighteen, a maverick, provincial lad who had just been in his last before he went up to London for his audition. By the time his tenure at RADA ended, when he was twenty-one, he had won the Bancroft Gold Medal for outstanding student of the year and had seen his name on the marquee of the Queen's Theatre, where he played the leading role of Judd, the angry intellectual, in *Another Country*, for which he was nominated for Britain's prestigious Best Newcomer award in 1991.

His response to that rapid rise was cautious. "That's an immense feat," he noted, looking back, "of being carried away by any success that might later blow up on my face."

Finally, of course, it did, although his *Fuckenstein* brimmed with what had become his disavowed signature: the dawning choreographic show, the innocence, quivering strain, the raw emotion. "And I can't use," he occasionally said, "that we would have done anything differently."

The film went on to earn more than two million, and Branagh was surprised to find himself opening envelopes that contained profit checks from it. "That didn't take away any of the pain of the experience," he says now; "but it did sort of confirm that nobody knows anything."

The ordeal left him with the slightly rumored air of a proud man whose charming success at an actor and a punching bag has created a residue of disillusion he struggles against while showing him the marked degree to which both victory and defeat are a state of mind.

IT IS THE LAST WEEK OF THE HAMLET SHOOT. BRANAGH is encouraged by the work he has around him, yet each passing day makes him as more difficult. "As you get close to the top of the hill," he tells a friend, "it seems that you move further away."

Finally, the filming is behind him, the risk taken. He begins to perceive the fallout from *Fuckenstein* as a new

"I think with me, the fear—at its worst—creates a certain maddeness, a foolishness. At best, it creates a kind of helpful madness. Which is courage of a kind."

THE MAN WHO, AS A BOY, LOOKED BEHIND TELEVISION SETS to determine whether that was where the stars of movies lived came to Los Angeles to oversee the stars of Hamlet's moving camera.

He is aware that people in the industry often misapprehend him. "They can be totally wrong," he says. "They think I'm going to turn up in black tights with a floppy white shirt and the complete works under my arm."

He is also here for a rest, and though he can admit by watching movies or playing guitar, singing, as a rule, it is not his forte. "When I go on holiday, I'm making notes from day one," he says.

He still recalls being in Kyoto with Ewan Thompson at cherry-blossom time. "That's it!" he readily exclaimed. "That's what we'll do. We'll put on the entire Shakespeare canon! We'll just do the lot!"

And the day he moves into a rented Malibu beach house, he begins conceiving a trilogy of movies, a family history set over the century to follow. "It just started happening," he says. "It just came out. And it would with that wasn't the case, as I have all sorts of ideas about world shakedown and its inability to get a life."

Sharing the house with Branagh is an old friend from RADA, Julia Sessions. "I cannot settle down," he tells Sessions. "The sea, the sun, the sand, all the changing elemental forces, and my mind is like one of those war charts of the solar system with all the planets whirling around."

"And it wouldn't matter if I was on a fucking sheep farm in Australia with two cats and a dog. There is no boat to take you away from yourself. So I'd still have these fading-out, turbulent feelings."

That familiar tension between life and work is playing him again, sending him in the perpetual juggling match that, by his own reckoning, he cannot win. His work, by agreement of his press and critics, stands on the shifting power of excellence and makes *Fuckenstein* visible to new generations. But what it takes to accomplish this feat is Branagh's gift and his shrewdness. "I'm certainly much more comforted by life than I am by the work," he says. "I'm certainly better at the work than at life."

"I'm always trying to transfer it back the other way. And maybe that will happen. I don't know." ■

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BEFORE



AFTER

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facing up to DENEUVE

Her beauty is so French and cool it's almost cold, but three decades after her debut, there is still no cinematic blond who can touch her appeal. By Phillip Lopate

HER FACE SAID LA BELLE FRANCE the way John Wayne's bespoke America. "I don't act, I react," Wayne once explained. Deneuve's screen technique is like the Dute's. She knows that the camera picks up what you are thinking. The other secret of her survival is that she is so thoughtful—her features lose deep into the mask of her perfect skin, every plays around the lines of her mouth, a raised eyebrow is quick to signal skepticism or contempt.

Today, I catch my first glimpse of her, in a hotel lobby. She has that unmistakable Deneuve glow. Her beauty is not in her black-and-orange cat-once-reviled. A no-nonsense, forthright gaze, she could be a CEO. Charming, she comes from a line of calm composure; in person, she is more jumpy, ungainly—especially at the publicity game.

"I do not care I would have been an actress," she says when we talk about her career. "It's not in my nature to be looked at, the center of attention. But my sister—the effervescent Françoise Dorléac, who died young—" dragged me into it. Françoise was very open, and I was shy."

Cherchez began in 1964 as a peaches-and-cream ingenue. (The Umbrellas of Cherbourg, then played a deflated bourgeoisie.) (*Leptandine, fille de juif*) whose propriety had measures of sexuality and naivete, then a despondent *Silence (Philly)*. Layers of worldly, unassuming glower accreted to her, partly through coquettish self-misunderstanding of her face, partly through her offscreen romances. (She had children out of wedlock with Roger Vadim and Marcello Mastroianni.) She graduated to the role of maternal beauty, a French tradition (*Silence Signoret, Thérèse Desseaux*). Meanwhile, her acting technique developed until she reached

the summit of her art in André Téchiné's *McQueen*. In her current film, Téchiné's *Le Vieux*, Deneuve stretches herself further still, playing a lesbian philosophy professor who commits suicide.

Deneuve says she is by nature melancholy and inward. Making films drew her out, forced her to be active. "When I want to do something, I'm very positive about it. I never come to the point where I was just repeating myself."

Unlike other movie stars, she took chances with her image in order to work with the directors she admired—Bresson, Truffaut, Demy, Aldrich, Polanski, men she calls "macrocinematographers," who have a complete vision of cinematizing. She is a knowledgeable film buff. When I ask her what actresses she first admired, she says, "I think I always saw films before I saw actors in films." Her heroes tended to be American: Carole Lombard, Judy Holliday, Marilyn Monroe. "Monroe is one of my favorite actresses. She touches me. Especially in *The Night*, where she's so vulnerable."

Vulnerable is not a word that springs to mind in connection with Deneuve. Rather, she conveys a detached equilibrium masking a sadness. Her characters, for all her charm, almost never meet happy endings.

At bottom, Deneuve herself seems a robot, too. Asked about Katharine Hepburn's assertion that a woman can't have both family and career, she says, "I think you can have both, but not both at the same time." Was it hard raising children and acting? She shrugs. "I think it's more difficult for a woman to work in an office every day and raise children."

Practical, logical, unself-pitying. These qualities are also very French. While other renaissance and were, she survived—to become the metaphor for a civilization's ripe sexuality and savvy. They ought to put her face on the franc. ■

Ms. happily later?
Her charisma, for it
her charm, which
over it not happy endings.



SMELL LIKE

The whiff of greatness—or something—filled the room as our man discussed the exigencies of late capitalism with McMichael McJordan. By Mark Jacobson

THE FIRST TIME I SAW THE WORLD'S MOST famous human, he was walking up Seventh Avenue all by his lonesome. It was 1989, I was 1-A, trying not to go to Nam, and there he was: Ali, my hero. They'd banned him from boxing, stripped him of the crown for saying he wasn't going, that he didn't have "no quarrel with them Vietnam."

"Hi, Champ," I managed. "How you doing?" "How you doing?" Ali asked, breaking into his perfect smile. When I said, "Good—real good," he shook my flustered hand and went off into the crowd, like wow.

Nowadays, being the world's most famous human is a more delicate gig. Michael Jordan, current holder of the office, does not walk alone. Even his walk-around guys make millions. To converse with Michael, you've got to pass by-appoint security and ride up in a specially conditioned elevator to a 3,500 suite in the St. Regis Hotel, then wait in an anteroom surrounded by phalanxes of bodyguards, waiters, coaches, and fashion consultants. Only then will you be ushered into the inner sanctum, where Michael smokes, tipping a big black cigar against his open palm.

"Good you guys could make it today," he says, his manner relaxed, conversationally so, as he rises to motion us to vintage points from which we might best gaze upon him. It is as if he's thought of nothing else but our visit for days. Such is the largesse of a king.

Maybe it's not the way Ali would have done it, but then again, Michael Jordan is better at basketball than Muhammad Ali was at boxing. Michael Jordan is not only the best basketball player who ever lived (he doesn't even bother to deny it anymore) but quite likely the single greatest professional athlete of the twentieth century, which means ever.

Like Ali's, Jordan's epic springs from corruption, from loss. It's been one big mythoscape for Jordan ever since his father's murder. A sweet little classic anecdote it is, too. "The father creates the

M I K E



Michael Jordan:
The corporate entity
baptizes himself in his own
very lucrative messianism.

son, crabbles in on the path to unimagined greatness and wealth, and then is killed because he's driving the wrong car and gone home by his rich son. But it is Jordan's heart-bothering display of compassion that arrests the heart and mind. Saying, "For me to have anger and frustration and anger continuously for the rest of my life because of what one individual has taken away from me (really doesn't) give me an opportunity to live my life for my kids, who will follow in my footsteps," Jordan eschewed vengeance, instead choosing to renounce his supreme art to humble himself in a commonplace minor-league baseball player. Noting that his father had always been a "big man" in the neighborhood, Jordan's decision to play for the "little" team of the garbados (shorties, the Birmingham Barons, which was a moving license, the public arena of an unacknowledged public arena).

[illegible]

Asked if it might not be easier to sell his sweat, Jordan cracks, "You want people to think I'm a smelly jock?"

an extremely rigorous portfolio is required. All might have said the world has been here for so long and so long ago. I can, a photo reach any TV can show anything on two legs, but we live. All's M. M. has a more systematic approach. When he comes to a new place, he calls on Miller's the "Meditation," the Renaissance. In this world, today we have not been accustomed to speak of Nike sneakers. Gatorade goes (Jelly, McDonald's) hamburgers, Hines underwear, Roy O. the better, Sir Les Lee and you, Upper Deck trading cards, Wheaties cereal, or LEADS (the new king domain). Today, we will hear of something else: more music. To day, we will hear of the substance a lady took for the Rites company says is "the first ever fragrance to bear the name and concept of Michael... Michael Jelinek Colman."

"The scene is set," Jordan says in his burghard baritone, his surprisingly brawny legs draped over the arms of an easy chair as Ahmed Barakat lounges across the room to cut off the end of his cigarette. "I've always been a follower of fashion and fragrance. The opportunity to create a product like Michael Jordan Cologne is a great challenge." As we encounter the

collide the challenges of cologne-creating with the act of scoring fifty-five against the Knicks Michael dunkfully delineated the five separate "accords," or scents, that make up his "master cologne." Each of the five accords is "like a little piece of me," Michael reported. There's "wood," which reminds him of "coast mountains in North Carolina." Then there is "Pebble Beach," a costly coastal beverage to M. It's "Eraser for the game of golf," "seaweed" ("my private side"), "rose air" ("a scent of my freedom"), and "home air" (which the press for copy asks "captures the scent of Michael's beachball glove as he catches the ball"). Basically, I'm into high accords, Jordan summarizes. "It's his attempt to cover the whole spectrum."

Asked if it might be more spiritually uplifting, not to mention lucrative, if he simply bottled his actual grunts-of-all-kind sweat (playoff perspiration, pregame-prand) in the manner that vials of River Jordan (of course) water are sold in the Holy Land, Michael cracks up. "You want people to think I'm a really jock?" he responds with a dry look as he snags up the sartorially challenged opposition. "What are we, anyhow, British Leather now?"

[illegible][illegible]

As with the signature tumbled on Air Jordan sneakers,

McLaughlin's Jordan's
moves off the court are as
silly as they are on it.



the logo for Michael Jordan's Colgate is a silhouette, but instead of showing MJ's body in Puma's trademark midline, the recent emblem depicts only the athlete's iconic bald head and shoulders. It's a stark black figure against a blood-red background, but, as with all good postered eyes, the recognition is immediate. And it's a daring one of Michael's aphoristic musings about how he had to sort through "all separate seconds" before determining the components of his personal success that I begin to lose myself in the dark shadow of Jordan's head.

Because it's something heavy about Michael Jordan. Not that he's the best, but rather that he's a much more than anybody else, that in a league of great players, Jordan's was better. In fact, it's kind of eerie, the *Justification*. Mike's friends enter his studio. Consider the image scene of Nike. Anderson, the adorable Orlando Magic basketballer. In 1993, in one of the most shocking basketball moments ever, Anderson made the ball from the mostly converted Jordan [it seemed that everyone on the arena was her swearing up and down Michael], entering the Bulls the game and a floor at the championship. Afterward, Anderson, exhibiting immediate athletic judgment that number 45 (Jordan's jersey number after his comeback) was not number 15. Nick got it. Normally a clutch player, Anderson somehow damaged four straight final shots in the end of the opening game of the mile series against Houston (year after basketballing Michael). The rumors dismantled the Magic, who would up being easier. Anderson's career has not been the same.

Was Anderson biased? I wondered as I peered into the silhouette of Jordan's lagged head. Michael's way-betterness can't be totally explained by talent, the virtue of hard work, and the delicious confidence of genetics (no one as Jordan's immediate family is over six feet tall, can it? It's enough to make you think of an old story must often told in conversation with Robert Johnson, the Mississippi Delta

Hardt sings as if life were way way better than the galaxy of foreseeable contemporaries. A sleekish young man from Hardhat, Mississippi, Johnson, whose no one could remember being much of a guitar player, supposedly found his way to a Delta crossroads *studio* one midnight, where he met a large black man who took him down the back porch and gave it a special tuning. Whether Johnson sold his soul to the devil that night is a matter of romantic conjecture, but soon after this presumed event, he was turning out a stringy solo disc, "If I Had a Hammer" on the "Rock and Roll" label, and he was on his way to "the top" of modernist existential anguish to *ruin* anything in Kafka. Johnson became the boss, but the price was high: Agreement to share anythology, he did before any tour, down on all fours, looking like a dog.

Makes you wonder: There are plenty of cowboys out east of Wilmington, North Carolina, and that Hocking built Could a slinky kid have shown up one night, bouncing a ball that was soon to be filled with the most sort of dirt it's a frightening, unassured idea, Michael Jordan selling his soul to become the greatest basketball player of all time, that there are elements of that Freeman scenario that fit the Jordan myth too well. After all, Michael has been known to be a gambling man. These dark thoughts, however, were soon banished by the cleansing mist of fresh-out Carolina gas (see M. J., bouncing down at me. He'd learned over to put a tiny veil under my nose, affording me a whiff of "cool," one of his favorite accents. "Cool," he said

The show did it for this particular season with the world's most famous human. Jordan and he'd had a good time rapping with us and went off with his workout coach. In another ten minutes, our interface with the extraordinary at a close, we were back on the street, burching in the grabby early-evening drizzle.

A few days later, walking down Fifth Avenue, I saw a crowd clustered in front of Barnes & Noble and asked what was up. "Muhammad Ali's in there, signing books," someone said. And there he was! Ali, my hero. They say he's taking his medicine, that the Parkinson's is under control. He looks pretty good, too, but it's hard to accept. Ali, not willing, the South's great, most husband. Asked about it, Ali says, in a whisper, "I talked plenty," and you get the idea that he's at peace with who he is, and was. Still, it's just too graphic not to think about that Ali's colored silence is the price he paid for being who he was.

I was doing about that when I took my kids to check out *Spaz* Jim Jarmusch's recent movie *love-lies-alone*—a comedy movie, in which he shares an off-kilter with *Real Beverly Hills* by, borrowing ideas of a Saturday-morning TV commercial to make with model producer planners, *Spaz* Jim turns out to have an incredibly trenchant commentary on life-size capitalism. This occurs when Duffy Duck, ever fresh, moore the seducer, revealing a *Walmart* store logo stamped on his backside, and then, with a wink, bends over to plant a kiss on his own bend name butt. It's enough to send a shiver down your spine, suggesting that Michael Jordan, the most beautiful athlete of our time, would one day bend over in the same manner—that this was his payment for being way better than he is and, even in a context as stupid as *Spaz* Jim, when Michael's coming to the basket, speaking Newton and all his know, you're rooting for him to move the boundaries of the ordinary, yet again, to do something we've never seen before. *Spaz* Jim *Love-Lies-Alone*. **A**

"God, it was a hell of a night.
for the nigger to pray, but
anything now.
moaned, with
and kept mov
on his feet, first one foot,
A newly discovered story



After the lynching: Port
Lauderdale, Florida, 1935.

Somebody yelled
he wasn't saying
He just kinda
both eyes shut,
ing up and down
then the other."
by Ralph Ellison

I DON'T KNOW WHERE STARTER IS. A BUNCH OF men came by my Uncle Ed's place and said there was going to be a party down at the Square, and my uncle hollered for me to come on and I ran with them through the dark until men and then we were at the Square. When we got there everybody was mad and gone and standing around looking at the nigger. Some of the men had guns, and one man kept goosing the nigger in his pants with the barrel of a shotgun saying he ought to pull the trigger, but he never did. It was right in front of the court house, and the old clock in the tower was striking twelve. The rain was falling cold and freezing as it fell. Everybody was cold, and the nigger kept swapping his arms around himself trying to stop the shivers.

Then one of the cops pushed through the circle and crunched off the nigger's shirt, and there he stood, with his black skin all shimmering in the light from the fire, and looking at us with a scared look on his face and putting his hands on his pants pockets. Folks started yelling to hurry up and tell the nigger. Somebody yelled, "Take your hands out of your pockets, nigger, we gonna have plenty heat in a minute." But the nigger didn't hear him and kept his hands where they were.

I tell you the rain was cold. I had to stick my hands in my pockets they got so cold. The fire was pretty small, and they put some logs around the platform they had the nigger on and then threw on some gasoline, and you could see the flames light up the whole Square. It was late and the street-light had been off for a long time. It was so bright that the bronze statue of the general standing there in the Square was like something alive. The shadow on playing on his muddy green face made him seem to be smiling down at the nigger.

They threw on more gas, and it made the Square bright like it gets when the lights are turned on or when the sun is setting red. All the weapons and guns were standing around the cuffs. Not like Saturday though—the niggers weren't there. Not a single nigger was there except this Boston nigger and they dragged him there and to the back of Jed Wilson's truck. On Saturday there's so many niggers as white folks.

Everybody was yelling crazy 'cause they were about to set fire to the nigger, and I got to the rear

A PARTY DOWN AT THE SQUARE

of the circle and looked around the Square to try to count the cars. The shadow of the folk was flickering on the trees in the middle of the Square. I saw some birds that the noise had woken up flying through the trees. I guess maybe they thought it was morning. The car had started the clock in the street to show to show where the car was falling and freezing. I counted forty cars before I lost count. I knew folks were here from there from Phoenix City by the car that entered in with the wagons.

God, it was a hell of a night. It was some night all right. When the noise died down I heard the nigger's voice from where I stood in the back, and I pushed my way up from the nigger was bleeding from his nose and ears, and I could see him all red where the dark blood was running down his black face. He kept lifting from one foot and then the other like a chicken on a hot stove. I looked down to the platform they had him on, and they had pushed a ring of fire up close to his feet. It must have been hot to him with the flames almost touching his big black toes. Somebody yelled for the nigger to stop his prayers, but the nigger wasn't saying anything now. He just kinda moaned with his eyes shut and kept moving up and down on his feet, first one foot and then the other.

I watched the flames burning the folk's feet, closer and closer to the nigger's feet. They were burning good now, and the rain had stopped and the wind was rising, making the flames flare higher. I looked, and there must have been thirty-five women in the crowd, and I could hear their voices clear and shrill mixed in with those of the men. Then it happened. I heard the noise about the same time everyone else did. It was like the roar of a cyclone blowing up from the gulf, and everyone was looking up from the air to see what it was. Some of the folk looked surprised and scared, all but the nigger. He didn't even leave the noise. He didn't even look up. Then the noise died, right, right, right, and the wind was blowing higher and higher and the sound seemed to be going in circles.

Then I saw her. Through the clouds and fog I could see a red and green light on her wings. I could see down just for a second, then the rose up into the low clouds. I looked out for the breeze over the tops of the buildings in the direction of the airfield that's forty miles away, and it wasn't cooling around. The usually could be it sweeping around the sky at night, but it wasn't there. Then, there she was again, like a big bird lost in the fog. I looked for the red and green light, and they weren't there anymore. She was flying even closer to the top of the buildings than before. The wind was blowing harder, and leaves started flying about, making funny shadows on the ground, and tree trunks were creaking and falling. It was a storm all right. The pilot man here thought he was over the landing field. Maybe he thought the fire in the Square was just down for him to land by. God, but it scared the folks. I was scared too. They started yelling, "He's going to land! He's going to land!" And "He's going to fall!" A few started for their cars and wagons. I could hear the wagons creaking and chains jangling and cars starting and missing as they started the engines up. Off to my right, a horse started galloping and striking his hooves against a car.

I didn't know what to do. I wanted to run, and I wanted to stay and see what was going to happen. The place was close as hell. The pilot man here been trying to see where he was at, and her horses were throwing out all the sounds I could even feel the vibration, and my hair felt like it was standing up under my hat. I happened to look over at the statue of the general standing with one leg before the altar and leaning back on a sword, and I was fixing to run over and climb between his legs and sit there and watch while the men stepped across, and I looked up and she was gliding past over the top of the trees in the middle of the Square.

Her motion stopped altogether and I could hear the sound of branches creaking and snapping off below her landing gear. I could see her plain nose all silver and shining in the light of the fire with "T. W. A." in black letters under her wings. She was making smoothly out of the Square when she hit the high power base that follow the Birmingham highway through the town. It made a loud crash. It sounded like the wind blowing the floor of a car bent shut. She only hit with her landing gear, but I could see the sparks flying, and the wheels knocked loose from the poles were spinning like sparks and whipping around like a bunch of snakes and leaving circles of light in the darkness.

The plane had knocked five or six women loose, and they were laughing and swinging, and every time they touched they danced all more sparks. The wind was making them swing, and when I got over there, there was a creaking and spinning sound of blue hose across the highway. I saw my car running over, but I didn't stop to look for it. I was among the first and I could hear the others pounding behind me across the grass of the Square. They were yelling to beat all hell, and they came up fast, pushing and shoving, and someone got pushed against a swinging wire. It made a sound like when a basketball drops on a basketball court, and the man comes up. I could smell the blue burning. The first time I'd ever smelled it. I got up close and it was a woman. It must have killed her right off. The way lying right on a board to a puddle, with pieces of glass scattered that the plane had knocked off the poles flying all around her. Her white dress was torn, and I saw one of her legs hanging out in the water and her thighs. Some woman screamed and fainted and almost fell on a wire, but a man caught her. The sheriff and his men were yelling and driving folks back with guns shining in their hands, and everything was lit up blue by the sparks. The shock had turned the women almost as black as the nigger. I was trying to run if I wasn't too close, or if it was just the sparks, and the sheriff drove me away. As I looked off (trying to see) I heard the motion of the plane start up again somewhere off to the right in the clouds.

The clouds were moving fast in the wind and the wind was blowing the smell of something burning over to me. I turned around, and the crowd was loaded back to the nigger. I could see him standing there in the middle of the flames. The wind was making the flames brighter every minute. The crowd was running. I ran too. I ran back across the grass with the crowd. It wasn't so large now that so many had gone when the plane came. I tripped and fell over the

knob of a tree lying in the grass and by my hip. It ain't well yet I hit it so hard. I could taste the blood in my mouth as I ran over. I guess that's what made me sick. When I got there, the fire had caught the nigger's pants, and the folks were standing around watching, but not too close on account of the wind blowing the flames. Somebody yelled, "Well, nigger, it ain't so cold now, is it? You don't want to put your feet in your pockets now?" And the nigger looked up with his head tilted, eyes looking like they were about to pop out of his head, and I had enough. I didn't want to see anyone. I wanted to run somewhere and puke, but I stayed. I stayed right there in the front of the crowd and looked.

The nigger tried to say something. I couldn't hear for the roar of the wind in the fire, and I strained my ears. Jed Wilson yelled, "What you say there, nigger?" And a voice back through the flames in his nigger voice "Will you a you gentlemen please cut my throat?" he said. "Will somebody please cut my throat like a Christian?" And Jed yelled back, "Sorry, but ain't no Christian around tonight. Ain't no Jew-boys neither. We're just our hundred percent Americans."

Then the nigger was silent. Folks started laughing at Jed's right popular with the folks, and some say, my uncle says, they played even less for sheriff. The nigger was so much for me, and the smoke was making my eyes so smart. I was trying to cut away when Jed reached down and brought up a can of gasoline and threw it in the fire on the nigger. I could see the flames catching the gas in a puff as it went in as a silver sheet and some of it reached the nigger making sparks of blue fire all over his chest.

Well, that nigger was tough. He was given to it to the nigger, he was really tough. He had started to burn like a house after and was making the smoke smell like burning gutters. The fire was up around his head, and the smoke was so thick and black we couldn't see him. And his car wasn't moving—we thought he was dead. Then he started out. The fire had burned the ropes that had tied him with, and he started jumping and swinging about like a cat, and you could see his skin burning. He looked so hard that the folks were, well, burning too, but he, and he rolled out of the fire at my feet. I jumped back so he wouldn't get on me. He wasn't kept it. Every time I see barbecue I'll remember that nigger. His back was just like a barbecue hog. I could see the pores of his ribs where they start around from his backbone and curve down and around. It was a sight to see, that nigger's back. He was right at my feet, and somebody behind pushed me and almost made me trip on him, and he was still burning.

I didn't stop to him though and Jed and somebody else pushed him back into the burning planks and the folks were poured on man gas. I turned to look, but the folks were yelling and I couldn't make enough to look around and see the statue. A branch the wind had broken was coming on his head. I tried to push out and get away because my guts were gone, and all I got was spit and hot breath in my face from the women and men standing directly behind me. So I had to turn back around. The nigger rolled out of the fire again. He wouldn't say put. It was on the other side this time. I couldn't see him very well through the flames and smoke. They got some tree limbs and held him there this time and he stood there till he was ashes. I guess he stayed there. I know he burned to ashes because I saw just a week later, and he bugged and showed me some white finger bones still left together with bits pieces of the nigger's skin. Anyway, I felt when somebody moved around to see the nigger. I pushed

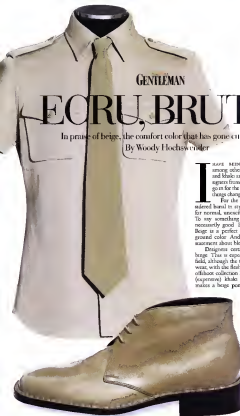
my way through the crowd, and a woman in the rear scratched my face in the yelped and fought to get up close.

I ran across the Square to the other side, where the sheriff and his deputies were guarding the wires that were still sparking and making a blue fog. My heart was pounding like I had been running a long ways, and I bent over and let my hands go. Everything came up and spilled in a big splash over the ground. I was sick and tired, and I was sick and tired. I was sick and tired, and I was sick and tired, and I was sick and tired. I looked down at the ground and I was sick and tired, and I was sick and tired, and I was sick and tired. I looked at it in I went by. I remember somebody's foot coming crawling like it was morning in all this wet.

The next day I was too weak to go out, and my uncle looked me and called me "The golden wonder from Christmas." I didn't mind. He said you got used to it in time. He couldn't go out himself. There was too much wind and rain. I got up and looked out of the window, and the rain was pouring down and dead sparrows and birds of trees were scattered all over the yard. There had been a cyclone all right. It swept a path right through the country, and we were lucky we didn't get hit. I saw the fire in the air. It blew fire through the night and put the town in a hell of a shape. The wind blew sparks and set fire to the white- and-govern-removal house on Jackson Avenue that had the big concrete lions in the yard and burned it down to the ground. They had to kill another nigger who tried to run out of the country after they burned that house night. My Uncle Ed said they always have to kill niggers in pairs to keep the other niggers in place. I don't know though, the folk seem a little stomach of the niggers. They all came back, but they act pretty silly. They look mean as hell when you pass them down at the store. The other day I was down to Brinkley's store, and a white couple said it didn't do good to talk the niggers' ways things don't go any better. He looked happy as hell. Most of the cops don't like niggers. They'd be surprised how hungry some folks can get. Somebody said that he'd better shut his damn mouth, and he shut up. But from the look on his face he won't say that long. He went out of the store cursing to himself and spit a big clow of tobacco right down on Brinkley's floor. Brinkley and he was some 'cause he wouldn't let him have credit. Anyway, it didn't seem to help things. First it was the nigger and the store, then the plane, then the woman and the wire, and now I hear the airplane has in investigating to find who set the fire that almost wrecked their plane. All that in one night, and all of it but the man over on nigger. It was some night all right. It was some pretty too. I was right there, see. I was right there watching it all. It was my first party and my first. God, but that nigger was tough. That Bessie nigger was some nigger!

AFTERWORD

On the origin of the story, by John H. Callahan, Ralph Ellison's literary executor: Ralph Ellison was no stranger to Esquire. As a college student in the thirties, he read early issues in black bookshelves around Tuskegee, Alabama, and back in Oklahoma City, when he went home on vacations. In a 1951 letter to Saul Bellow, Ellison noted "the impact of the old Esquire magazine on kids in the provinces." He urged one of Thomas Mann's essays, Hemingway's "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," and Fitzgerald's blues cover "Clock up" twice. To the end of his life, the author of *Invisible Man* was proud of "The Golden



Muted beige tones resurface in men's wear: This page, a khaki stretch gabardine shirt with epaulets and cummerbund, left, and tan leather boots, bottom. All by Prada.

GENTLEMAN EORU, BRUTE?

In praise of beige, the comfort color that has gone cutting edge

By Woody Hochstetler

I HAVE BEEN THINKING ABOUT BEIGE, among other things. Shades of beige, tan, and khaki are very much in fashion, as designers from Miuccia Prada to Calvin Klein go in for the buff stuff. It's funny how these things change among the fashion elite.

For the longest time, beige was considered banal in style terms—almost a synonym for normal, unexciting, and middle-of-the-road. To say something was “very beige” was not necessarily good. Except perhaps on the floor. Beige is a perfect color for carpeting, a background color. And fashion has been making a statement about blending in.

Designers certainly have been on a beige binge. That is especially true in the men's wear field, although the trend was started in women's wear, with the Italy-voiced styles of Prada and its offshoot collection Miu Miu. (Chanel now makes [expensive] khaki trousers for women. Gucci makes a beige pony-clip coat for men. Calvin

A rage for beige: Opposite, clockwise from left, a camel V-neck sweater by Dolce & Gabbana; a tan trench coat by Nautica by David Don; a beige pique-knit safari jacket by Hermès; Gucci's iridescent-beige spring suit; Donna Karna's fitted camel leather jacket; Calvin Klein's tan jersey shirt and cotton-ryles trousers; Nautica's beige tie; and Lantern's beige knee-length suit.

OPPOSITE: PIERRE HERMÈS



Klein does an entire collection called Khaki. And Prada, the hip Italian company, features head-to-toe beige outfits for guys, including tan suits, khaki shirts, and an impressive array of beige-tinted ties. To complete the look, there are natural-leather Prada boots.

By an odd coincidence, there is even a popular New York club scene called Beige, every Tuesday at Bowery Bar, that I'm told attracts a “fashionable” clientele (I imagine an office group of blood Manhattan decorators wearing ornate molasses sweaters and ascots). Actually, says the club's organizer, Seth Conrad, people do wear beige. “It's all about taking a bland thing and making it lovely,” he says. “Beige is like the marmoset of color. It's quiet but toxic. It's the nineties black.”

Of course, hardly any fashion designers call their styles beige (from the French word for the natural color of wool). They use words like pique, sape, buff, khaki, tan, or haremwood. Call it what you want, beige has undergone a change to a hip fashion thing from the mopey old poppin' son your dad wore.

Tan has always been a favorite color for men. The khaki poplin or gabardine suit is an enduring wardrobe staple. For it has never had a high profile in the cutting-edge zone of pricey designer clothes. Lately, though, even adventurous designers like

John Bardeen and Gene Meyer have been showing tan poplin suits for men.

Not everyone is keen on beige. On the recent VHS fashion-revival show, Elton John spoke disparagingly of “beige-pants that look like hospital sheets, selling a lot of beige suits.” This was a dig at the Giorgio Armani and Calvin Klein stores on Madison Avenue in New York, where neutral-toned clothes are displayed in an almost clinically spare setting. Elton is an acolyte of Gianni Versace, who keeps the beige factor to a minimum. But the fact remains that loud statement dressing has become somewhat de trop these days. Enter beige.

The current rage for beige probably has something to do with the recent revival. Flash-noon clothes were popular then. Uniform dressing has also been coming back, bringing with it lots of khaki and tan clothing. Perhaps sevenies Ultrasuede is the re-quotation for some of the natural-toned suede naming up regularly in designer shows.

But there is also a subversive element. Conventional ideas of class are being turned upside down. Beige is the opposite of black, the traditional trim color of fashion nuts and club kids. It is the color you wear when you are not trying very hard. It is democratic, workmanlike, unassuming, calm. Pique may be the navy blue of India, as Duke Wethered flowerily said, but beige is the comfort color of suburban America. In cashmere or camel hair, of course, it provides the luxury of understatement. It is very classy.

So when we think of beige, we think of a relaxed, unstressed attitude toward fashion. Nervousness rules. ■



David Beckham, the expert male Magasinier, wears a second-skin shirt, suit, tie, and razor-sharp pants. Sexy in a squeaky-clean way, these looks are not for the gym shy. Photographs by Osh Len. Produced by John Warburton.

Like some modern-day Tah Hunter, actor David Beckham of *Ray* evokes the spirit of the sixties in second-skin suits and razor-sharp pants. Sexy in a squeaky-clean way, these looks are not for the gym shy. Photographs by Osh Len. Produced by John Warburton.

sleek



chic



Scoping things out in a ribbit of silk: rayon polo shirt by Calvin Klein and flat-front cotton khaki trousers by DKNY.
Opposite: A little bit of '80s funk in this rayon polo shirt by John Varvatos.



Did I say spiders, as in the short-sleeved wool costume by Prada? Nope. This page: Rayon shirt and canvas trousers from Isotane. For more information see page 136.



RAYON SHIRT AND CANVAS TROUSERS: ISOTANE; BOARD GAME: PRADA; ROTARY PHONE: VINTAGE



sleepwalking

New York at night. A beautiful woman in men's pajamas. From Times Square to the subway to a SoHo boîte, a dream unfolds. Photographs by Troy House. Produced by John Mather.



At Jerry's in SoHo, a quietest-of downtown hangout spot, is the ultimate hangover cure: a soft loan robe by Gracelande (page 106). Opposite: Meandering the Great White Way in a great white terry cloth robe by Pajama Ralph Lauren.



Next stop, your place (you know).
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 section of Berry & Halle's last
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Golden

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[download from page 111] change he got were not just because he was a good observer, he used the medieval world-view, he made analogies. . . . The myth of modern science is that progress is made by good observation and experiment, they will never guess that you use your culture. . . . A hero has to be ahead of its time, it's part of the progress doctrine."

I wondered whether the mirror writing was used because Leonardo was left-handed or to hide his discoveries from contemporaries. "I doubt that it was to hide," Gould said. "Anyone could figure it out, though he did have private codes and abbreviations."

Has his kind of genius mind disappeared? Are people getting stupider? I knew Gould taught Harvard classes in which all the students were high school valedictorians, but still they lacked any kind of "broad cultural knowledge." So here Gould surprised me and said there were probably more of these kinds of geniuses today than in the 15th century. He mentioned Vince Chabinsky and the scientist Richard Feynman. So much more is generally known today, it is not as empty a world, so genius is not as apparent.

Gould wanted to read the full text of the enigmatic-folio codex—no search of text, not quotes on a wall, not paraphrases and summaries in thirty-dollar and forty-dollar books like the real whole thing, the actual, rather poetic Leonardo da Vinci words—as if I had to explain to him that while the codex contained on T-shirts, scarves, ties, sweaters, ties, leggings, trousers, pants, sweaters, and a CD-ROM, it could not be printed out as a document. It could not be read in a comfortable chair with a good light and a heater close to hand, liquid sloshing away over the edges like one of Leonardo's winter experiments, only higher-proof. It could be read only with a mouse in hand, skimming over a mouse pad and clicking wildly to the margins, where da Vinci liked to throw in some of his best thoughts. To read it required Renaissance patience. Meanwhile, the whole rowful

of current visitors, those pilgrims to official genius, were still jumping around as each page was shut off and turned on. They were sitting hunched over banks of computer screens, trying to click and read. It was very frustrating.

"The public is not treated. It has to be given bits and pieces, no context. It's part of the second-hand culture," Gould said.

"It's [today's] intensive division again," I agreed. "It's Great He has made it so that the codex exists only in his reality. Not just, but on the screen. This is a man who is going to project images of paintings onto his wall. It can't be touched; it must come from a screen with a mouse in a mouse in the house."

We sat at the computer stations and tried to read. There was so much clicking around us, it sounded like a field of breeding crockets. Finally, we were into the reading room, which was filled with Leonardo books and two two-foot untouchable volumes that did

as he has the complete text. You could not buy it, you could not borrow it. So here we were, two great people, seated, Gould, because he is a scholar, stood there patiently reading. Here was Gould, the infamous Harvard dropout, obliging this Harvard professor to read on the man. Was this William H. Gates III's revenge?

"I could never do an essay on something I could not read," said Gould, a bit indignant.

So it was to be half a Leonardo experience, which was a shame, because da Vinci was not a paper writer. The codex was all about water. Here we found the medieval theory of the earth as a body of flesh is the soil, its blood, the veins of its arteries, and the life of blood around its heart, the oceans. Here were his theories on the movement of water, the sunlight, light, the color blue, and the nature of sunlight, and his means to solve the mystery of how fabled lightning came to be found in groups on top of mountains (acquired by Gould's own hobbyhorse, the disappearance of the 100-better average).

These were his notes for a book

he never wrote. Leonardo rarely published. He never finished things. He painted using dry tempers, which disintegrated. He never finished most of his writings. He was born a bastard and a genius.

We saw the Leonardo film narrated by Isabella Rossellini, drenched out of the attractive exhibits, crossed the codes gift shop (there is always a gift shop), and went down to African Mammals to sit under the elephants, facing the hated buffalo, where I returned to the idea of unadorned genius.

Gould said because of all we have learned since da Vinci's time—sort of basic things that Leonardo didn't know like the age of the earth or that mountains were formed by major forces on earth that pushed up land that once was the sea—he was an innovator in so many fields. "Today, there is so much specialization that in order to be an innovator, you have to master a vast amount in your particular field before you can even think to innovate. Raw brilliance won't cut it anymore."

Where might those geniuses be lurking today? Perhaps in the arts, he wondered, or the computer world? The virtual world? "I don't know," Stephen Jay Gould said. And neither did I.

We sat not near the right wall of evidence. With intense speculation, his heart to make me feel, even with raw brilliance, to be at the top of many fields like periodic physics."

I had to agree. I had to take a lot of time to master the entire field of particle physics and then take the next step.

"The error we make in interpreting trends," he said, "is to try to look at systems with lots of variation and see it as a single thing. We should study the full range of variation. If we see the full range, we see the complexity of bacterial domination." Once, the more complex organism was a bacterium, then a jellyfish, and now us.

As I learned in Fall 1998, we are an accident, get the result of progress. If we could wind back the thread of life through the Cambrian Period, would it happen the same way? Would there be rats, Leonardo, that great fancy reasoner, Teddy Roosevelt, Stephen Jay Gould, the rising historians, and Downside John Brown? Would we evolve without the Macarena and "Don't Cry for Me, Argentina"? Maybe, and just maybe, not. ■

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VENI, VIDI DAVINCI



ILL MEET YOU IN THE GREAT hall in front of the dinosaur," I said.

"In front of the great hall—where that runs up," said Stephen Jay Gould, a paleontologist who should know: Gould is a professor of geology and ecology at Harvard, a wise and best-selling essayist, a conchologist, and one of the finest and most lucid minds of his generation. He is the only scientist I know who can sell his book on Comedy Central and still keep his cool.

We were going to see Leonardo da Vinci's Codex Leicester. (A codex is an unbound manuscript.) Recently, the codex, which Bill Gates bought for around \$1 million, was on display at the American Museum of Natural History in New York. That was my plan—to encounter one superior mind through the eyes of another, a kind of intellectual smoothness with me in the middle. Recently, I was hoping Leonardo's codex would inspire one of Gould's famous raptures.

I knew how hyperobservant Gould was, having once walked past an antipater street and seen him, without seeming to look, note a historical inaccuracy in a painting we had passed. I have heard that one kind of mind that sees consciousness, syntheses and makes analogies, and draws from deep and wide knowledge. He was interest-

ed because of Leonardo's studies of geology and fossils in the codex. "This stuff on fossils is quite amazing. He got it outstandingly right," he said.

I had just read Gould's new book, *Full House*, from which I learned that small, simple things like bacteria, oysters, and waterfowl legs, complicated ones, that evolution does not proceed toward complexity but is a system of randomness producing great variety (i.e., the full house), that progress is a delusion, and even a breathtaking accident. I learned that evolution is a far-bush rather than a ladder, that most of its branches are business and ruin is a dead branch, that we are not the most evolved species, that the right and left walls of a bell curve are limits to the spread of variation, that the real size comes of mammalian evolution are not size but run and burn, and envelopes and houses are "fashions within a fashion," that the 400 having average is extreme because of the general improvement in baseball play; that the lines of descent of mammals have originated as or been contained through forms of small size; that the full house is the history of variation, and progress is a fully residential consequence. We are part of a spectrum of variation.

I had all this to think about as we, two mortals of rather small size, both wearing our eyeglasses on chains and living, according to Gould, in the

An intellectual smoothness: Leonardo, the Codex Leicester, and Stephen Jay Gould.

last sliver of earthly time, made our way to the codex. We passed cases of stuffed reptiles, including one Komodo dragon forever interrupted mauling on a horse, and then we came to the codex. The pages, written backward in Leonardo's mirror script in archaic Italian, were being kept in a very dark, blue room, each page mounted in Plexiglas and illuminated for only one minute out of every five. People walked through the bluish gloom, squinting hopefully and reading the captions, hopping from one briefly lit page to the next, peering at official guess—for that's what this exhibition was really about. It was about going to stare at genius and hoping it would be contagious.

Right away, I could see things were not going quite as planned. For one thing, Gould did not like the head-on to the exhibition. He did not like the way they were taking Leonardo and making him relate to modern scientific method when much of his thinking was rooted in the medieval view of macro- and microcosm, the idea of the earth as a living body.

"He was living in another world-view. The idea that you can observe nature and have out of old prophecies is so wrong. The [continued on page 108]

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